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Bitter Sweet

WESTERN MAINE
PERSPECTIVES

APRIL NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-ONE

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER FOUR



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Homemade Wholegrain Breads
Shaw's Snappy Syncopators • Saving Money In The Garden
The Flowering of the Arts in Lewiston-Auburn



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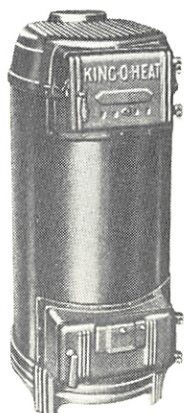
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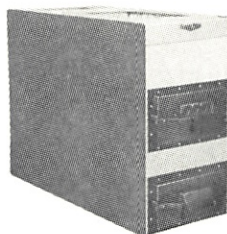
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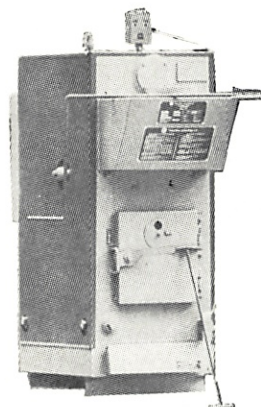
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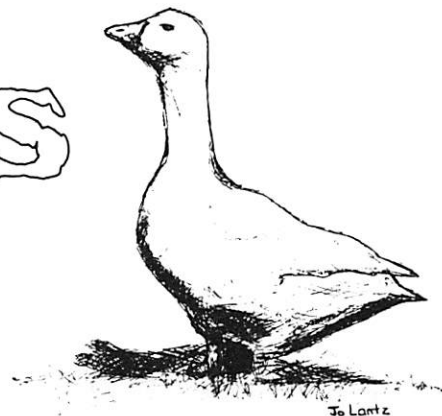
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Bitter Sweet

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Ppg. 5-7, courtesy LPL Plus APL
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BitterSweet Views

By now you've probably seen our new look. Most of the comments we've heard have been favorable—but there's still no mail on the subject. If this issue is your first look at **BitterSweet**, we'd like to know what you think and we hope you'll show the magazine to others.

Our cover photo this month is a sparkling treatment of circus wagons (more on page 15) which can still be found in North Fryeburg. Once there was a museum of big-top memorabilia called "Circus Farm" there; now the farm is a private home and the wagons are left to the wind and the weather—and to circus reminiscences like Merton Parsons'.

One of our major stories this month is on the phenomenon called LPL Plus APL—a group based in Lewiston-Auburn which has helped to change this part of Maine from a "cultural wasteland" into a vigorous artistic neighborhood. Denis Ledoux, a newcomer to our pages, is a Buckfield-based teacher and writer and we hope you'll be seeing more of his writing here in the future.

Three multitalented local men have been profiled within: Joe Perham, West Paris' answer to Artemus Ward in a fine interview by Wini Drag; Atherton Furlong, a Greenwood-born international opera star in the 1800's in a detailed remembrance by Edith Labbie; and Howard Shaw from South Paris, whose dance band is fondly recalled by many local people and by his daughter Marguerite.

And for artists in the area who feel the lack of places for supplies and finishing work, we think you'll be glad to know about multitalented newcomers, the hard-working Tom and Betty Foley and their 16-year-old daughter Mary, of Oxford.

The very knowledgeable John Meader returns this month (and next) with welcome tips on garden economics. Jane Chandler gives you in-depth information on whole-grain baking. Jennifer Wixson tells you how to get back in shape after all that delicious bread. And there are many more tasty treats inside this issue. Read on.

Nancy Marcotte ...

Joe Perham Orator of the Hills

by Wini Drag



The man, Joe Perham, is a living legend—as much a part of the vibrant hills of western Maine as two of the men he loves to impersonate, Artemus Ward and Holman F. Day.

Rather a Superman/Clark Kent type of personality, Joe is an easy-going English teacher at Oxford Hills High School during the day, but at night he becomes the master storyteller and entertainer.

As master of ceremonies at the recent *Hills Alive* performance sponsored by the Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce, Joe charmed the audience with his short, fitting comments between acts. He has the knack of sliding gently into his yarns in such a way that you'd think he's worked for days on the script, yet he admits they are "off the cuff."

He begins a story "about the time Dickie Baker up at Trap Corner Store . . ." Then he pauses ever so slightly—just enough and the audience is on the edge of their seats. Then comes the subtle change in voice, the native dialect, and the audience is cheering wildly over another Perham tale.

Though reticent at first to be interviewed, the West Paris native and resident just had to get started and then he seemed to enjoy telling how his "avocation" has grown since college days. At Colby College, where he earned a Masters in English (he later earned a second Masters degree in English Education from the University of Maine), the talented

local boy won recognition doing classical poetry. He can still recall his lines as Hamlet and his part as Willie Loman in *Death of a Salesman*.

Now he is a much-sought-after member of the Maine Touring Program (formerly called Outreach), a project of the Maine State Arts and Humanities commission whose "main purpose is to make performing art attractions of high professional quality available to . . . people throughout the State of Maine."

The public speaking career began when he filled in as a lay minister for the Unitarian-Universalist Society. "It's interesting," Joe says, "many people still think of me as the one they want to marry and bury them." He was soon being asked to speak at various church and community groups who needed a short program. The professional speaking circuit evolved slowly from that. He did Shakespeare's MacBeth and King Lear, some of Browning and Tennyson. But "unfortunately," he explains, "I was boring myself, so I started doing some lighter humor. Robert Frost, Whittier, and Oliver Wendell Holmes were good sources for material. Then it was a natural step into prose, which led to Artemus Ward. That got me into Maine dialect humor."

Often using a guitar on which he picks a limited number of ballads, Joe sets the mood for his character sketches and dialogues in the early Oxford County dialect, telling tales

and anecdotes from Maine Indian and French Canadian lore.

A few frequently requested audience favorites are his renditions of *The Cremation of Sam McGee* and *Aunt Shaw's Pet Shop*. Oh, yes, and then there's the one about the three-story one-holer! Joe doesn't know how many times he's done some of these stories but he cites the late DeWolf Hopper as the man to match. Hopper performed *Casey at the Bat* more than 15,000 times before audiences.


"Surprising, maybe," Joe notes, "is the song most often requested. People love to hear me sing 'How Great Thou Art' accompanied by an organ." That's not at all surprising to the folks who have sat awed by his rich, mellow voice.

Though an avid reader (where does he find the time?) Joe does not read to look for material. "Much of what I do is original stuff, anyway," he says. One anecdote he used in a program back in 1970 appeared in the *Readers' Digest* in 1975.

While most of his programs consist of short, pithy stories, his impersonations of Artemus Ward, Holman Day, and Solon Chase of "Them Steer" fame are sixty minutes long, complete with costume portrayal of the character.

I was curious as to how he handled "blank spots;" had he ever lost the train of thought in one of those 60-minute programs, or just drawn a blank when up before a crowd telling stories for an hour and a half? He just

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smiled slowly and told me about the first time it happened—in front of 2,000 people: "I paused, then quickly added, 'but you're not interested in this' and went on to another story."

"Sometimes I'll be telling a story which reminds me of another one, so I'll interject that thought, which leads to another and I never do get back to the original story."

Acknowledging that being more versatile can be a weakness rather than a strength, Joe offers a repertoire different than most other entertainers. He styles the program material to fit the audience. "I find the audiences very interesting people. I never really know for sure 'til I see them what I'll do."

"But you see," he adds, "I'm not a professional actor. I'm a teacher."

His teaching career started at age 21 at the old Paris High School. After

Says Joe: "With thirteen brothers and sisters, I never got to sleep alone until I was married."

six years there, he taught at Leavitt Institute in Turner Center for fourteen years. Having come to Oxford Hills High School six years ago, he is head of the English Department in addition to his teaching. It's a hint at his indomitable character that in those six years he's never missed a day of classes.

How do his students react to his outside achievement and fame? "Oh, they take it in stride. Once in a while a student will ask me to do a specific character or reading. It's kept pretty low-key."

An accomplished folk dancer, Joe Perham has been a square dance caller for the past four years. A comment made by a non-square dancer and non-country music lover after the *Hills Alive* event indicates the effect he has as a caller: "He made me want to get up there on stage and join in."

The list of achievements goes on and on. Several times he has appeared on "In The Kitchen," an educational television program, something he readily admits to enjoying tremendously. Having done some promotional spots for Channel 6 TV (once even sharing the spotlight with a jackass) he says he'd like to pursue

more of the possibilities in television advertising. "I'm even considering cutting a record."

Joe has literally two sides to his business card. On the one side is listed his credentials as an Outreach Maine Artist specializing in Maine Literature, Folklore and Humor. On the flip side of the card, which features a little outhouse with a half-moon on the door, his talents as a Maine humorist and after-dinner speaker are given. Whether you prefer something from Shakespeare or a bawdy Maine backwoods tale, Joe has the right story on the tip of his tongue.

His itinerary takes him all over the state and occasionally to the Boston area. Recently an inquiry was received from a colony of Maine residents wintering in Florida who "want to get you down here to entertain."

Loyal to West Paris, Joe loves to spin yarns about the folks there. He has several about his own family such as "With thirteen brothers and sisters I never got to sleep alone until I was married."

It's a hometown honor to be named in one of the stories. People drive to West Paris just to get a glimpse of Dickie Baker, the proprietor of the Trap Corner General Store; or some of the other characters Joe talks about, like the old-timer who, when asked by a visitor, "Isn't there any night-life in West Paris?" responded "nope, not since she moved to Welchville."

Joe Perham may be single-handedly and with humor putting West Paris on the map. (Not to mention Welchville!)



Wini Drag is a substitute teacher, free-lance writer, and mother of two. She lives on Paris Hill where she maintains The Haunted Book Shop dealing in old books.

LPL Plus APL: The Flowering of the Arts In Lewiston-Auburn

by Denis Ledoux

Living in the country, living almost anywhere in Maine for that matter, used to mean: no serious movies, no interpretive dance, no poetry readings, no live classical music. Granted, life can be lived without any of these, but the arts certainly do add gusto to life.

When you're at the end of the distribution line, as Maine is, culture (like oil) can be at a premium. Those of us who grew up here or who are long-time residents remember how rare it was to see a film that wasn't the usual mass-media money-maker. When was it possible to see dance (except when you sat out a square dance or a contradance)? There were, of course, the summer theatres. But they operated only seasonally when country people are most busy with gardening and canning and, because they depended on the tourist trade, they tended to offer a limited fare.

Things have changed for the better in recent years. Here in Central Maine, the standard of the arts has been taken up by what many may consider to be an unlikely champion: the city of Lewiston. Long known for its fine textile mills and its cohesive Democratic delegation to the state legislature, Lewiston was once labelled "a cultural wasteland" by a major Portland newspaper.

True, some of the Franco-American societies, using local talent, had been known to stage operas, and there had even been a novel or two whose laborious prose had been penned in the Textile City—but beyond that there was little, unless one counts the talent shows and church-benefit dramatic evenings.

In 1972, undaunted if a bit disgruntled, Lewiston public library trustees decided that perhaps they alone among the many civic and ethnic organizations had the institutional and financial backing to become an active patron of the arts in Lewiston. They became Lewiston's answer to the city's lack of "first families"—a lack created by absentee

ownership of the mills. In many cities those families often endowed the arts and saw them through rough spots.

Trustees formed a separate board which they called LPL (Lewiston Public Library) Plus. What began modestly in 1972 has grown to be the largest community-arts sponsor in Maine and the regular recipient of one of the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities' largest community-arts grants.

The 1980-1981 program and its offering is quite different from that of the first season. For one thing, LPL Plus has become LPL Plus APL.

For five years, Lewiston sponsored the arts and crafts alone. Auburn citizens crossed the Androscoggin eagerly to attend the public performances but were barred from participating in the special student and senior citizen events. These did, and still do, account for two-thirds of the program. Finally, in 1977, Auburn Public Library trustees asked to join the organization; the two libraries now co-sponsor LPL Plus APL.

Another change has resulted—that is in the program's scope. No one would call the 1980-81 offering modest. Included in its more than fifty presentations are movies, both foreign and domestic; dance (even a full troupe!); live drama; chamber music; jazz; poetry reading; a Yiddish performing-arts ensemble; and children's participatory theatre. Almost every listing is offered at special student, senior citizen, and general audience programs.

About a third of the events occurs in the evening for the general public. A major emphasis of the day-time programs is given to the schools. The thrust is two-fold: to provide general exposure to the arts and crafts to a youthful audience which would not attend the evening programs; and to schedule workshops for specific individuals who show promise and need to work as guest mentors in order to gain mastery and sophistication. Another feature of the program is afternoon events for older people who do not relish venturing out on cold, wintry Maine nights. These

New York String Quartet in concert at Lee Cadillac-Olds Showroom, Auburn



Because of its dominance in the cultural life of Central Maine, LPL Plus APL is in an excellent position to promote the arts elsewhere in the region.

performances and workshops are presented in nursing homes and senior centers.

LPL Plus APL has no theatre or auditorium of its own and acquiring permanent quarters for performances and displays is not presently a goal. Lewiston-Auburn is perhaps too small to support such an undertaking, says Carol Rea, director of LPL Plus APL, but she added that it is capable of supporting a first-rate arts and crafts program, and that is what the trustees intend to continue.

At present the group uses such existing community resources as the Lewiston Multi-Purpose Center, schools and churches (the High Street Congregational, the Court Street Baptist, and the Universalist-Unitarian churches in Auburn; Lewiston's United Baptist and Trinity Episcopal churches). The libraries themselves and the local banks are utilized for such things as art exhibits. The Shaeffer Theatre at Bates College has also been used.

According to Ms. Rea, "when LPL Plus APL began, there were many people who felt there were not enough people in Lewiston-Auburn who

cared about the arts and crafts. These doubters have been proven wrong. This year alone, we received over four hundred household contributions. This is significant in milltowns which have been characterized as uninterested in 'culture.' Our list of sponsors shows that people care."

LPL Plus APL depends on private donations for 35% of its budget. The rest comes from diverse sources: from the PTA's, from the business community, and from the State Commission on the Arts and Humanities. In the past, CETA has provided help as well. This diversified funding is an indication of the strength of this community-arts program, Rea points out.

"We have many donations of goods and services, too, and these are as good as cash. This diversity of backing assures LPL Plus APL of artistic independence. If any group were to withdraw its financial support, we would have to retrench, but we would survive."

According to Rea, people care about LPL Plus APL because the group cares about people. "Our board is broad-based and constantly seeks to

bring in artists, craftspeople, performers, and movies that will appeal to the community."

The organization also has consistently sought to cater to its audience by co-sponsoring with other groups. "In this way we make it possible for different constituencies to participate," Rea added. "Lewiston-Auburn is a Franco-American community and we have tried to sponsor events which appeal to their special needs."

"In April we are bringing the Dos Yidishe Caravan to our communities with the help of the National Council on the Traditional Arts. The Council, which is located in New York City, makes it possible for the best of traditional groups to tour the country. We are co-sponsoring the event with the Jewish Community Center."

The Community arts organization has been successful, the director points out, due to four reasons. First, it is well run. Secondly, the board "insists on high standards in the arts and crafts—and the community has come to trust our judgement. Thirdly, people in the Twin Cities feel we are accessible. We are not distant from them. And lastly, our program is fiscally responsible. This is something our supporters respect."

"Artists, by the way, consistently tell us that they love to come to Lewiston-Auburn. We bend over backwards to prepare their stays, to make them pleasant. We have one businessman who donates a car for the use of visiting artists and craftspeople."

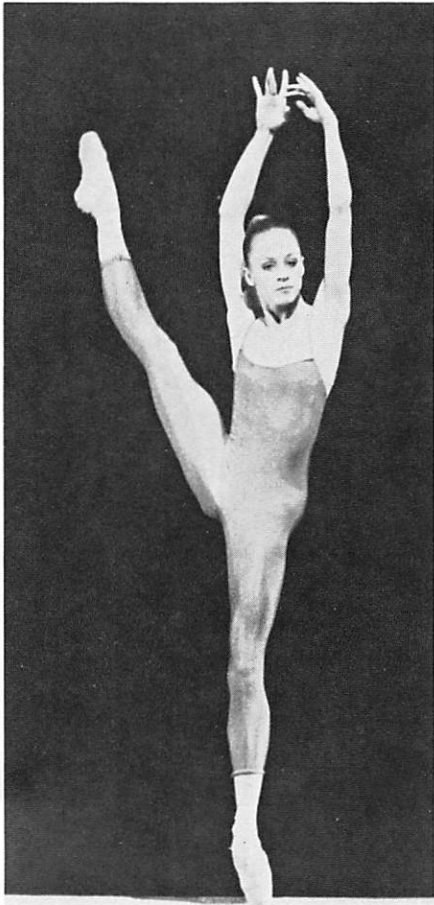
LPL Plus APL trustee, Doris Belisle-Bonneau states that in a community which lacks major cultural institutions, LPL Plus APL fills an important gap.

Because of its dominance in the cultural life of Central Maine, LPL Plus APL is in an excellent position to promote the arts elsewhere in the region. Encouraged by the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities, LPL Plus APL has been instrumental in getting co-operation among art sponsors of the region.

In mid-February, it hosted a meeting to brainstorm possibilities to increase quality in the arts in Central

Northern Border Caledonia band at Franco-American Festival, Kenedy Park, Lewiston





Heather Watts of the New York City Ballet

Maine and to effect measures to assure the lowest expenditures possible.

Out of this meeting came the block booking of award-winning flute soloist Carol Wincenc on four consecutive nights next year. She will appear in Rockport, Augusta, Lewiston-Auburn, and Portland. The arrangement means savings for the community arts groups which are sponsoring Wincenc, as well as a larger income for her.

In addition to promoting block booking, LPL Plus APL is leading the way in sharing revenue sources such as grants and fundraising, and is pushing for the coordination of publicity and information among Maine art sponsors.

LPL Plus APL is one of four sites in Maine set up to decentralize the funding of arts programs in Maine. The group regrants special monies it has received to smaller groups; observes the operation of these smaller arts sponsors and extends its

constructive criticism; and disseminates information. Groups such as First and Friends at South Paris' First Congregational Church have been helped in this way.

So successful has LPL Plus APL been that there are those who now maintain that people interested in keeping abreast of the arts and crafts in Maine owe it to themselves to live within commuting distance of these once mainly manufacturing communities.

The same Portland newspaper which earlier called Lewiston a "cultural wasteland" recently turned a wistful eye toward Lewiston-Auburn to praise its cultural vigor. One Portland TV-station manager was even heard to wonder why his city couldn't support such a fine program!

The story of LPL Plus APL is one of success begetting success, and for western Maine's art aficionados and school children, this success means a big plus now added to the other benefits of living in Maine.

Denis Ledoux lives in Buckfield where he teaches English, Latin and "life skills."

LPL PLUS APL SCHEDULE FOR APRIL & MAY

April 1: Dos Yidishe Caravan. Authentic traditional Yiddish performing arts touring the country. Jewish Community Center, 134 College Street, Lewiston, 7:30 p.m. \$3.50 adults, \$1.75 students.

April 3: Gordon Bok. Maine's renowned and loved folksinger/songwriter who derives his inspiration from years spent as a sailor. *Time* says; "Bok fills empty vessels." Central School Auditorium, Academy Street, Auburn, 8:00 p.m. \$3.00 adults, \$1.50 students.

April 9: Art of Black Dance and Music. Musical theatre based on Old and New World cultures, blending traditions of West Africa, West Indies, South America and United States. Lewiston Junior High Auditorium, Central Ave., 7:30 p.m. Free.

April 12: Film "Marriage of Maria Braun." 1978 Fassbinder film of sexual politics, offbeat comedy, epic romance, current history and social satire. In this period piece the heroine (played by Hanna Schugulla) becomes the metaphor for the history of postwar Germany. (German/English subtitles) 120 min. Twin Cinema, Promenade Mall, 2:00 p.m. \$1.50. Rated R.

May 13: Just Around The Corner Company. "Monkey, A Folk Tale of Ancient China" an original children's participatory theatre piece with music and dance. Multi-Purpose Center, Birch St., Lewiston, 3:30 p.m. Free.

Little Theatre of the Deaf performance at elementary school in Lewiston



Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

From the windows of my study I can look down upon the jubilant water, free at last from the icy fetters that have imprisoned it for these long winter months, go tumbling over the ruins of the old dam where once a waterwheel turned two giant millstones that ground corn into meal and wheat into flour. The sound of the rushing stream, sparkling in the

radiant morning sunlight, permeates every room of our farmhouse.

This morning I awakened to the melodic notes of a song sparrow. As I ambled along to the barn, I saw a flock of robins, the first I have seen at Brookfield since late last November, bobbing about on a patch of bare ground near the barn. When I opened the barn door, my Speckled Sussex

rooster and his harem were waiting to greet me. A few weeks ago they would have still been roosting on the scaffold at such an early hour. As I returned to the house with several large goose eggs to scramble for breakfast, I heard the mating call of the chickadee. It will not be long before the Phoebe returns to nest under the rustic old bridge where the brook flows under the narrow country road.

As I approached the kitchen door, a butterfly—the mourning cloak—fluttered about one of the windows. It seems a bit early. On such a lovely morning, it is so easy for one to become mesmerized by Nature and forget that in northern New England one could awaken tomorrow morning to gaze out at a sky filled with hoary pellicles descending upon the earth. Nevertheless, I find it difficult to feel anything but optimistic about an early arrival of spring. My flock of hens and pullets are laying copiously. A few pullets courageously kept laying through the record cold weather of this winter, but now every bird is producing, and I am having to reactivate old egg customers. They always seem to be elated when I announce that I am in business again, for they insist that the eggs they buy in the stores are not nearly as good.

April is the time that I like to receive my annual shipment of baby chicks. I have about two weeks to get ready for twenty-five Mottled Houdans and Speckled Sussex to arrive at the local post office. It is also the time of year when the ewes are lambing, and I am filled with nostalgia for the bygone days when I owned a flock of registered Corriedales. Many a frigid night when winter chose to ignore the calendar and tenaciously gripped us within its icy fingers, I held a newly-born lamb under a heat lamp to dry and made certain that it suckled its mother's milk. I have lived too many years without the sound of bleating lambs. I shall become a shepherd again before the autumn harvest.

It seems almost inconceivable that within a week I shall be preparing a

page 28 . . .

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PHOTO CONTEST

What is the essence of life in Maine? To us it is BitterSweet—it is the lovely frost patterns on the windows even though your house is frozen. It is the way chopping wood warms you twice. It is the glorious sunset at the end of a scorching summer day. It is autumn's consolation in a riot of colored leaves. It is being snowed in and missing school. It is truly both bitter and sweet.

If you feel you have captured the bitter/sweet essence of life in Maine with your camera, we want to see your photographs. One will be chosen each month for publication in the magazine. In our end-of-the-year double issue a cash grand prize for the best of the submissions will be awarded and the winner will be published on a subsequent cover.

We prefer good-quality black and white prints, but are also interested in spectacular color slides. This contest is open to anyone. Please send a stamped self-addressed envelope for return of your photos. Mail them to Post Office Box 6, Norway, Maine 04268.



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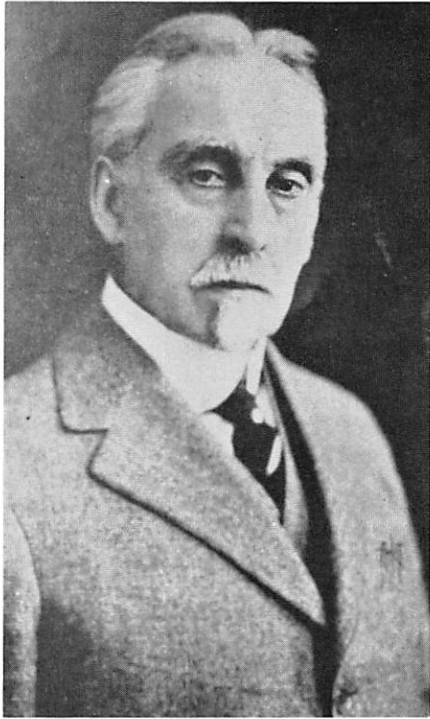
WRITING CONTEST

For all High School and College Students

BitterSweet is beginning a contest for Prose/Fiction/Poetry writing. Letters have been sent to all area high school and college English Departments. We want to encourage the beginning writer and at the same time to gather material from all over this part of New England.

The deadline for submission of material will be June first. The categories are Prose (factual articles about people and events, current or past); Fiction; and Poetry. Winners will be published and payment will be awarded to the chosen writers.

Please make submissions of writing, marked with author's name and address; school and teacher to Post Office Box 6, Norway, Maine 04268. All entries should be neatly typed, double spaced on 8-1/2 by 11 size paper. We're sorry but we cannot return entries, so please do not send your only copy.



Atherton Furlong

artist, singer, poet

by Edith Labbie

Atherton Furlong, born of pioneer parents in Greenwood, was a man of many talents. He established the College of Vocal Art in Toronto, sang in Buckingham Palace, and originated a novel theory about teaching voice. His paintings are treasured by art collectors and his poetry was widely published.

His is the story of a poor farm boy who used grit and determination to make the most of his many talents, pulling himself up to the ranks where geniuses of the time accepted him as an equal.

To begin with, Atherton had the best of ancestors. His grandfather, Thomas Furlong, was the second settler in Greenwood. He came to Norway in 1796 and moved to Greenwood six years later. Some say his was the first log house built beneath the brow of Furlong Mountain—what was the Joseph F. Lovering place near the end of the County Road in Norway. As late as 1955 lilacs and lilies still bloomed by the cellar hole.

"Uncle Tom," as he was fondly called, once cleared an entire acre in a day by notching trees and knocking down the key one so that the others came down like kingpins.

Beyond the Patch Mountain Schoolhouse is "Uncle Tom" Mountain which probably commemorates this pioneer. He and his wife are buried in the small cemetery on top of Patch Mountain.

His wife was as remarkable as he was. After providing plenty of home-grown labor in the form of six boys and two girls, she lived to be 110 years old. Her youngest children arrived when she was over fifty years old.

The oldest son, Isaac Patch Furlong, married Ruth Atherton and they had five children. Atherton was their oldest son, described as a "sweet-voiced lark" by the noted Norway writer C. A. Stephens. After the boy completed the courses at the Patch Mt. School he went on to Norway Academy. He was sixteen years old when he was graduated and left home to earn money for a higher education.

He was determined to train his voice, which friends and neighbors all said was the sweetest they'd ever heard. Having earned a nest egg, he went to the great Madame Rudersdorff, then teaching voice culture in this country (nothing but the best for Atherton Furlong). But when he learned how expensive the lessons would be, he resolved to teach himself.

On hearing of his intent, Madame put her nose in the air and replied, "Then you are a little fool!"

This rebuff made Atherton more determined than ever to become a celebrity. Some of his young friends were medical students, so he studied cadavers to find the secret of muscle control and its influence on the larynx, tongue, lips, etc. Then he designed his own exercises to strengthen his anatomy. It was difficult and lonely work, for he wasn't at all certain he was on the

right track.

His first reward—recognition by the famed Apollo Club—was followed by the directorship of the Park Street Church choir in Boston at the age of 22. Two young ladies from his home state (Annie Louise Cary of Durham and Lillian Norton Nordica of Farmington) were also in the choir, but their musical destinies lay far ahead of them.

From this time on, Furlong rapidly climbed the ladder of success. He studied in England with the leading instructors of his day. Before long he appeared in a concert with England's greatest tenor, Sir Edward Lloyd. The young man gained still more incentive in 1873 when he was married to Carlotta Willington of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a young woman who also possessed a beautiful voice. The two gave many concerts together at fashionable English watering places.

Furlong sang in St. James Hall, London, and with leading oratorio societies of England, Paris, and Berlin. At Buckingham Palace in 1897, he sang in a state concert with the then-famous Adeline Patti. The couple gave a concert at the Royal Assembly Rooms at Margate where she sang Atherton's original song, "Sweet Sixteen." The lyric tells of a matron recalling that when she was ten years old, a little sweetheart said he would marry her when she turned sweet sixteen, if she "didn't grow fat, thin, or ugly." Now a single lady of 49, she says that if she had her days to live over, she'd marry at ten for she has no faith in "sweet sixteen."

The Furlongs also gave concerts in Buxton Gardens and in the chapel at Islington, where they starred in Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The man from Greenwood won



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honors from the Sacred Harmonic Society in London, the oldest musical society in the world. Leading singers of his day became his intimate friends.

The Furlongs had four sons. The youngest, Lewis, also had a sweet voice and appeared in many concerts with his parents. He died at an early age but the other boys grew up to be fine men. The eldest—Col. Charles Wellington Furlong—became an explorer, author, and painter. Captain Leonard Furlong served 12 years in the Phillipines and was four times given the medal of valor. Atherton Furlong, Jr. inherited his parents' musical talent and sang professionally as a baritone in light operettas. In later years he entered the piano manufacturing business.

Furlong found such joy in singing that he decided to share his pleasure, so he began giving lessons to a group of English girls. His method was so popular he soon had numerous classes. His special theory about singing derived from his early studies with his medical friends. He promised students that he could "overcome intonation roughness and tremulous bleating."

"Think of yourself as a violin," he said. "Your chest is the belly of the violin, the upper section of your vertebrae and trachea are the neck of the instrument. Your pharynx, hard and soft palate, jaws, teeth, and frontal bones are the sounding board. The S-shaped opening of the sounding board is your lips. Your vocal chords are the strings and your breath is the bow.

"Use, don't abuse your violin," he wrote. "Grown-ups seldom breathe properly but babies and children breathe deeply and well all day long so their voices have good resonance."

He was 65 years old when he and his wife opened the College of Vocal Art in Toronto, in a prestigious location near the present University of Music.

One of his innovations there was a large tonal room, a predecessor of modern accoustical designing. Reviews of the school's recitals appeared in Toronto papers in 1914 and 1915. Seventy pupils performed and the reporter called it "a tremendously long program." Furlong earnestly believed that

everyone should be given an opportunity to demonstrate the result of his past year's work.

His urge for self-expression also took another form. Thinking back to the beauty of the Oxford Hills, he became so nostalgic that he began to transfer his memories to canvas. In painting, he revived his formula for success: practice and experimentation. His specialties were landscapes and animal life. The most famous painting—"Jerry," the head of an Angus bull—sold for \$15,000 (a great fortune in those days) in New York in 1887.

Many titles of his paintings reflect his love for the land of his childhood. "The Last Load," "Among The Hemlocks," "Blue Mountains," "Spring Stream," "Wind Swept," are among those still treasured by collectors. A tireless worker, Furlong was working on one of his finest paintings only two days before he died.

Creativeness surged through Atherton Furlong and it also surfaced in the form of poetry. There were innumerable unpublished poems found among his possessions after his death on October 13, 1919. His lyric poem, "Mystery," has been included in many American anthologies.

Remarkably enough, Furlong retained his singing voice to the end of his days. He was still listed as a vocalist the very year of his death.

He now sleeps beneath a natural stone boulder in the Pine Grove Cemetery in South Paris. His good friend, the noted Norway artist Vivian Akers, searched the woods for just the right stone on which is engraved: "Atherton B. Furlong, 1849-1919, Artist, Singer, Poet."

The stone was dedicated in 1953 in a special ceremony arranged by Atherton's son Charles. Rev. Bertram Wentworth, who now resides in Mechanic Falls, read an appropriate Bible verse and Furlong's poem, "Mystery." Col. Furlong delivered the eulogy.

The old Furlong homestead has been crushed by the snows of winter, but Furlong Pond and the memory of the determination of Atherton Furlong still memorialize the family name.

Mrs. Labbie is a reporter for The Lewiston Daily Sun.

Saving Money in the Garden

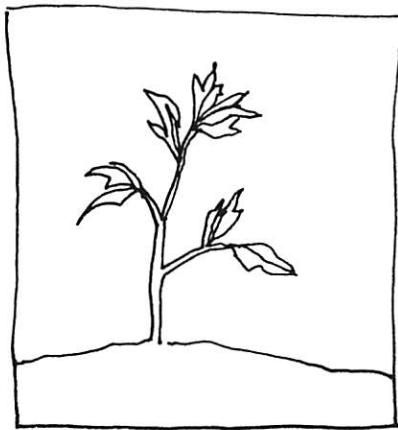
It's frequently pointed out that raising one's own vegetables is a good way to reduce the grocery bill. The average value of home garden products, it is said, runs around \$250.00 per home garden. But anyone who gardens quickly learns that there are real and considerable expenses involved. I constantly struggle to cut those expenses—every farmer has to—and I have some ideas to pass on.

Seeds - shop around. Prices vary quite markedly from catalogue to catalogue. Save your own seeds, particularly of beans and peas. If you avoid the hybrids, you can save seeds of cukes, peppers, tomatoes, and melons as well. Try to choose varieties with bred-in disease resistance. You'll have a better harvest and fewer headaches. *Marketmore 76* is an excellent cucumber in this regard. Quite a few tomatoes are now resistant to verticillium and fusarium. *Golden Acre* is a reliable cabbage. If you raise potatoes (it may be cheaper to buy them, particularly if you buy directly from the farmer) purchase certified seed.

Fertilizer - shop around. Prices vary quite markedly from supplier to supplier. Buy by the eighty-pound bag. What you don't use one year you can use the next. Manures are valuable, provided you don't pay much for them or haul them far. Decomposed leaves are as good as hen manure. Sow your garden plot to winter rye in the fall, till it in the spring. If you haven't already, have your garden soil checked for relative acidity (pH); pH affects how your plants benefit from fertilizers. Wood ashes will help neutralize soil acidity and will also add some potassium, but don't spread ashes where you mean to plant potatoes.

Seedlings - maybe there isn't much of a saving on the small scale, but you may wish to start your own tomatoes, peppers, cukes, melons,

and cabbages. We save all our cottage cheese containers for pots. Just punch a few holes in the bottom; use them once and then throw them away. You can make your own soil mix. There are a number of recipes. A simple one is: one part sandy loam to one part peat to one part perlite. For a bushel of this mix, also add a half a pound of limestone and a pound of 20% superphosphate. To protect seedlings from damping off, treat the seed with Arasan, or cover the seed with finely-shredded sphagnum moss.



Label sticks - can be cut from plastic milk bottles, anti-freeze jugs, detergent bottles, etc. You will need an indelible marker to write with; a laundry marker does fine.

Save space - the compact garden requires less fertilizer, perhaps, and certainly less weeding. Fortunately the catalogue companies have introduced some good bush-types of squash and cucumbers. Harvest early crops promptly and re-plant the ground to spinach, beets, spring onions, carrots, or short-season green beans. Some small gardeners use raised beds. One can work around them without compacting the soil, but they may tend to dry out more quickly. A mulch would help correct this.

Mulches - I've tried black plastic mulch and found it quite a nuisance. The expense is considerable. My next thought was to spread newspapers and to spray them with non-toxic black poster paint. The newspapers dried out after a while and were inclined to blow away. Grass clippings and old hay make a good mulch. Pine needles are excellent for strawberries. Sawdust, the older and more rotted the better, is an acceptable mulch, but new sawdust takes nitrogen away from the soil and is of doubtful value.

Storing & preserving - the merits of canning and freezing are too obvious to need mention. The gardener can also plant quantities for storage. Storage requirements of vegetables vary; most homes have some storage space that would be suitable for some crops and modifications can be made to accommodate others. Onions want to be cold and dry—33° if possible. The worst way to store onions is in a braid hung over the stove. Squash like 50° to 60°, dry and airy. Probably the best squash to store are *Delicata* and acorn types. Potatoes require 40° to store best; any colder than that and they may turn sweet. Carrots, beets, and turnips can be stored at this temperature, or even colder, and seem to benefit from being packed in clean, somewhat damp sand. Cabbages store well in the thirty to forty degree range and they like some humidity.

We have a root cellar sunk into a sandy knoll behind the house. Any cool cellar can be used, or a section of heated cellar could be partitioned off and cooled through a cellar window. But a root cellar *must* be cool before vegetables can be brought in.

Another important crop for storage is the dry bean. Dry beans are by far the cheapest source of protein. The next nearest competitor for this honor was the peanut, before peanut-butter went sky-high. Beans will store about anywhere, provided they are kept dry,

and what you don't eat you can plant next spring. We have also dried corn to grind for meal. The grinding proved a chore but the meal lasted and cooked up better than the store-bought.

This summer I'm going to try raising mushrooms in the root cellar—it bothers me to think of the root cellar going mostly unused part of the year, and if I get a crop, I may dry them also. We use dried mushrooms in oriental dishes and spend ten or a dozen dollars a year to buy them. So, if I can raise my own, there's another saving there. You take a Yankee who's mostly Scotch as well, and the search for savings gets to be almost a passion.

Meador practices his farming and writing at the home he and his wife Pat built in Buckfield.

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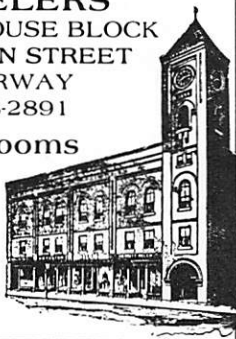
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Food For Thought



On Digging The First Parsnip In Spring

by Lucia Owen

I would rather measure the coming of spring in the parsnip patch than anywhere else. The parsnip deserves a special place in the hearts of Maine gardeners. It survives our winters and really does taste better after it's been frozen in the ground for six months. The special place my parsnips occupy is where the snow melts off the garden first. Last spring I planted them, thinned and weeded them once, then forgot them, so I suppose I'm expecting miracles now. In March when the ground shows even a little, I make the first trip out to contemplate the parsnip patch. Rooting around in the corn snow turns up some crumpled tops. On the next trip I smuggle a trowel out under my coat. If my husband saw me, I'd never hear the end of it. He's native and knows better; I'm from New Jersey.

Ground still frozen, but now the parsnip rows stand revealed. A week or so later, the top two inches of the patch is mud and the trowel digs in. I will add it to my collection of bent ones hidden in the garage. On the day I successfully excavate halfway down one parsnip, my husband mildly suggests dynamite. (I have considered fire crackers.) In another week, however, he offers to help and muckles onto the parsnip I have been chipping away at. It snaps. Half of it is still frozen in. We feed the top to the neighbors' ponies.

One morning in mid-April the air, the light—everything—feels precisely right, and we both rush out to the garden. It is the first real day of spring, and we pull the first entire parsnip. There it is—we hold it up—the best and only metaphor for the way spring comes to Maine.

The best thing to do with parsnips, of course, is to fry them. Here is a recipe, however, that translates the lowly parsnip into a glamorous accompaniment to roast chicken, turkey, or pork. Its origins are lost, but I think I found it in something by James Beard, thus entitling it to be called "gourmet."

Parsnip Purée

5 or 6 lb. parsnips, washed
1 stick (1/4 lb.) butter or margarine
1/2 cup Madeira
1/4 cup cream
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 to 1/4 cup walnuts, chopped fine

Boil the parsnips until they can be pierced. Drain, cool, peel, and cut them up. Puree them using a food mill, food processor, or whatever. Add the rest of the ingredients except the walnuts, and beat the puree until everything is well combined. Adjust the consistency by adding more cream if necessary. Salt to taste. Put the puree in a baking dish. Sprinkle the walnuts on top and bake at 375° for about 20 minutes or until heated through. Makes about six cups.

A few parsnips pulled before the ground freezes—heresy!—can be kept in the freezer for the winter. They are almost as good as ground-frozen ones and make an interesting addition to stews, stock, and soup. (Try using them as a base for chowder.)

Carrying in the last armload of parsnips, I consider the leeks growing on the windowsill. I started them in February, and with luck and compost they'll be as big as baseball bats in September. They can be harvested until the ground freezes. (I have visions of pulling the last ones to add to the Thanksgiving turkey stuffing.) The leek crop has been inspired by our passion for leek quiches (read pies) and for leek-and-potato soup. A hot bowlful is a fine antidote to the chill of the first frost. A bright American chef reversed the order and chilled the soup, thus inventing vichyssoise. Leeks and parsnips grow and improve with the cold. The same must be true of the people who grow them, or they'd have all moved south by now. Growing leeks and digging parsnips convinces me that I indeed have some control over my survival. New Englanders have to pay close attention to such assurances of continuation.

Lucia Owen and her husband Jim live in Bethel and teach at Gould Academy

Out of Shape? Try a Little Coffee Machine Belly Magic

by Jennifer Wixson

Let's face it, Americans are out of shape. I know that, because people who know about such things say that 98% of us don't exercise enough to come "within shouting distance" of physical fitness. I'm not giving away any secrets by saying I'm not one of the 2% who do. To me, exercise is about as exciting as a spinal tap. So what do we do about it? You guessed it. Exercise.

Exercise . . . but with a difference. The Dan Doan difference. The common denominator is the same, but Doan's exercises are spiked with humor. For instance, I get a crawl in my throat every time I think about spending half an hour every day doing sit-ups or push-ups. But, I think I could handle 30 minutes of Coffee Machine Belly Magic (a stretching exercise which really makes you face the truth about your waistline); or the Automobile Ornament, 1935 (a balancing act a Chevy Luv truck couldn't handle); or even Doan's Sunrise Greeting (an exercise aimed at waking every muscle in your body). Never heard of them? Meet their maker, Dan Doan.

He's an avid New Hampshire hiker who's written three outdoor books since 1973 including his latest: *Dan Doan's Fitness Program for Hikers and Cross Country Skiers*. He's been hiking and experimenting with training programs since he was a kid. Just a few weeks ago, in fact, he hiked New Hampshire's South Carter Ridge, using crampons on the ice above the 4,000 foot mark. It was his 67th birthday.

Despite the fact that his 79-page paperback (New Hampshire Publishing Co. (Somersworth, \$4.95) is laced with wit, Dan Doan is serious about exercise.

"Health," he says, "is the only wealth . . . There's no such thing as 10 minute-a-day fitness."

Over the telephone Doan explained the two-part health program outlined in his book, which is aimed at strengthening and limbering muscles as well as developing endurance.

If you're in rotten shape, don't worry. Doan says his program is designed to take a person from "utter

un-fitness to fitness." And those of you who haven't sunk quite that low can jump in at the middle of the program, which includes 50 different exercises.

To begin with, go easy, Doan says. "Train, don't strain." The first exercise in the book, Desk Inspiration, is an easy exercise to strengthen abdominal and back muscles. Over an eight week period you can gradually work up to exercise #50, an isometric medley which includes torso, arms, neck, and shoulder muscles.

It won't be long before the hiking season will be in full swing. It's never too soon to start getting in shape with Dan Doan's timely exercises.

Make time for exercise, he recommends. You know all those hours you spend in front of the TV set? Clip a couple of them. You'll need them, because Doan suggests in his book that a person exercise an hour and a half a day. (Privately he admits half an hour a day with an hour shot three times a week might be O.K., too.)

"There's a lot of time in your daily life for one hour and thirty minutes of paying respect to your body," Doan says.

To build up your endurance, Doan explains, you have to demand more of your body. Sorry, folks, but tennis, golf, and downhill skiing are just "not enough." Supplement your exercises with cross-country skiing in the winter or jogging the rest of the year. And you guessed it—don't avoid the hills.

Doan's book also contains some tips and practical advice for the cross-country skier and backpacker. What clothing to wear (wool from top to bottom in cold weather) is suggested and Doan also reminds us not to leave common sense behind when we're packing for a trip. Diet and a steady allocation of the six basic food groups get a healthy mention, and of course, Doan suggests hikers leave their hang-overs behind.

"That bending in Doan's Sunrise Greeting can make your head feel as though steel balls clashed around inside if you don't," Doan mentions casually.

But why bother with all this in the first place?

"You feel so much better (after exercising)," Doan says. "Hell, I feel so much better than some of my contemporaries . . . People who start in their middle years can really improve their lifestyles."

Dick Parrott of Plymouth, New Hampshire, would agree with him. At 60, Parrott is a member of the



CLOCK-WATCHER

Clasp hands behind head and stretch while pushing forward with your hands and backward with your head. Count to six; relax. Repeat four times. This strengthens and limbers arms, shoulders, and neck.

COFFEE MACHINE BELLY MAGIC

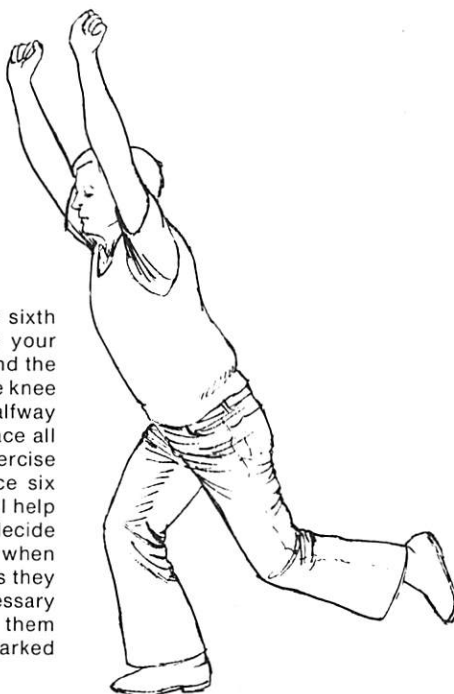
A basic introductory exercise: stand up straight with your feet together and arms at your sides. Pull back your shoulders and haul in your belly until your skirt or pants are loose around your waist. Stretch toward the ceiling with the top of your head and count slowly to six. Repeat four times.

This exercise lines up your body and helps strengthen abdominal muscles. The water fountain would be a better place to do this exercise than the coffee machine though; coffee jangles your nerves.



AUTOMOBILE ORNAMENT, 1935

An exercise from Group Three (the fifth and sixth weeks of exercising). Standing erect, raise your arms over your head, lean forward, and extend the other leg backward, toes pointed. Bending the knee of the supporting leg, try to lower yourself halfway to the floor. Return to standing position. Place all your weight on your other leg and try the exercise again. Alternating legs, repeat the sequence six times. The emphasis here is on balance; it will help hikers on rough trails when they pause to decide where next to step, and cross-country skiers when they put all their weight on one narrow ski as they begin a step-turn. At first you may find it necessary to extend your arms to the sides and wave them about for balance; you should show marked improvement after a few days, though.



Appalachian Mountain Club, as is Doan. Although he doesn't subscribe to the rigid physical fitness program Doan prescribes, he does believe in keeping in shape. To begin his hiking season, Parrott cross-country skis in the winter, then in spring starts out on small mountains.

"You wouldn't want to climb Mt. Washington the first day," he says, laughing.

Parrott gradually works himself up to the big feller in the middle of the summer, though. He also urges common sense and hikes not only because he enjoys it but because it keeps him healthy.

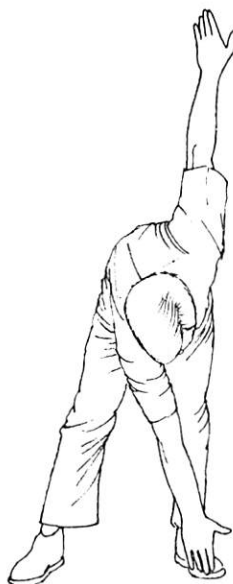
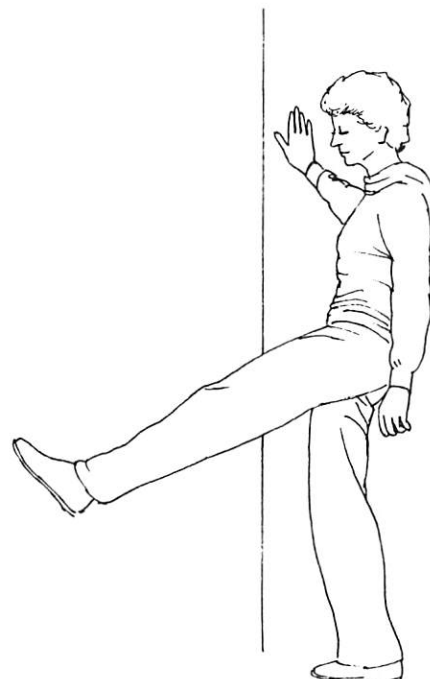
"I'm inclined to be too heavy," he says, "so it keeps my weight down. And I feel healthier for hiking. When you come back, you're tired. But it's a good feeling of tired."

So whatever your reason—good health or good looks—remember . . . you don't have to be 60 years or older to be in shape. But when you're having trouble with that Coffee Machine Belly Magic, it doesn't hurt to remember that if they can do it, you can do it.

Wixson, a former Norway resident, is now living and writing in New Hampshire.

SIMPLE FOOT SWING

From Group Four: Stand erect in a doorway. With weight on right foot and right hand holding onto doorframe at head height, swing your left leg forward and backward 20 times. Turn about and repeat with weight on left leg and swinging right leg. Recommended by a chiropractor for lumbar back pain.



DOAN'S SUNRISE GREETING

A Group Five exercise for continued improvement and staying fit for life. Stand erect, feet apart, arms raised overhead and hands clasped. Bending at the knees, swing your hands down between your legs. Return to the upright position. Repeat twelve times. Now bring your feet together and with your arms still raised but your palms out, reach as high as you can. Bend over slowly, still reaching and stretching. Keeping your legs as straight as possible, touch the floor with your fingertips. Hold and count to six. Return to upright position. Repeat four times. Next spread your legs wide apart and stretch your arms sideways at shoulder level. Keeping your legs straight, bend and swing your right hand down to touch your left toe. Return to upright and swing left hand down to right toe. Alternating legs, repeat twelve times. This warm-up combination stretches most of the muscles in your body.

Illustrations by John Robak

When The Circus Came To Town

by Merton Parsons

Nearly every summer while I was growing up on the farm, a circus would come to town, generally for a one-day stand under canvas at the County Fair grounds or at some other suitable site. These were not the 3-ring Barnum & Bailey types, but were



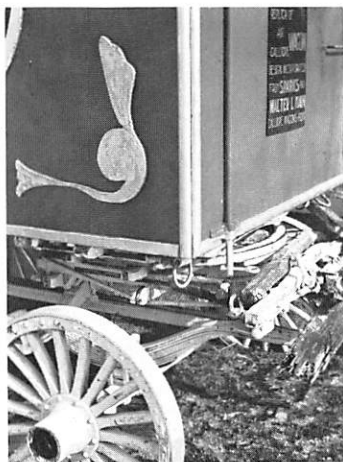
smaller editions, lacking the size and diversity of the better-known shows but including many of the same features. One of them whose name I recall was the "Sells Foto" circus. Another had "Clyde Beatty" somewhere in its name.

Cost of admission to these circuses was modest. The main event was perhaps 50 cents for adults and less for children, with additional fees for the so-called side shows which included such things as "the fire eater" and "the man with three legs." The animal exhibit was often an extra charge also. For economic reasons we usually skipped these side lines. In fact, I recall one year—probably a bad year for farming in the 1914-1916 period—when we were too poor to attend the circus at all.

A colorful feature of any circus was the parade through town, normally during the morning of circus day. This included some of the animals in suitable mobile cages, and perhaps some of the human performers also. Most obvious, however, was the steam calliope, a sort of pipe organ on

wheels with a boiler to provide the steam for snappy tunes as the parade went through town. I believe it was drawn by horses as were most, if not all, of the other wagons in the parade.

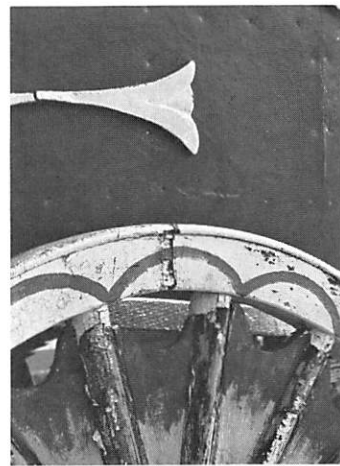
Sometimes we were also able to watch the circus setting up. This was quite an event, especially if the grounds were muddy and soft, as they often were. I recall watching one of the larger circuses setting up in a muddy field near Lewiston; this must have been around 1920. We drove to the site in our 1917 Model T and found the circus running late due to the mud. The big horse-drawn wagons with heavy loads were getting bogged down badly and the only solution was to bring up the elephants (two to a wagon) to push from the rear while the horses pulled from the front. This was effective but slow, and the opening was delayed by several hours. We finally saw the show but were a bit late getting back to the



farm for the evening chores.

At least one of the circuses had a fun piece of action put on for the amusement of the audience before the main show started. A sexy-looking female employed by the circus would come into the tent and approach men accompanied by women. She would extend a shapely leg toward the man and ask him to tie her loose shoe lace. This he would generally do, giving

the gal a chance to make a few borderline comments and perhaps a seductive movement or two. By this time the man's wife would be reacting, perhaps with amusement, but more likely with a degree of annoyance. And, of course, the



audience would be laughing and the sexy female would be looking for another customer.

For a year or two we also had a travelling wild west show in town. It was organized around 1920 by a Texan named Dallas Benson. He married a local woman, Agnes Fuller from East Oxford, who also liked horses and hired a few local cowboys to perform. One of these was Forest Thomas, son of our step-father Will Thomas. Forest was a happy-go-lucky fellow who had a lot of free spirit and no fixed address. The Wild West Show was not a financial success and faded away after a brief existence.

Merton Parsons grew up on a farm in South Paris and graduated from high school there in 1924. He went on to the University of Maine at Orono and Cornell University, where he earned his PhD in agricultural economics, 1936. He lives in Fairfax Virginia and has written down a number of reminiscences about farm life in the first part of this century.

Wholegrain Bread

Homemade

THE SECRET TO GOOD BREAD IS LOVE

by Jane Chandler

I've really been shocked at the prices the supermarket charges for plain old white bread. And I've really enjoyed making my own bread lately—not only can I control what goes into it, but I can be sure my family is eating something good for them.

Probably many of you are aware of the value of whole grains versus processed grains. If you are unaware, a good place to start is with a few definitions taken from Food and Drug Administration Standards:

Enriched Flour - white flour to which specified B-vitamins and iron have been added (Calcium and Vitamin D are *optional* ingredients).

Whole Wheat, Entire Wheat, and Graham - are synonymous and refer to products made from the whole kernel with nothing added or removed.

Milling - a process in the production of flour separating the endosperm from the bran and the germ.

Unbleached White Flour - mechanically refined to remove bran and germ but not chemically treated and contains no preserving chemicals. The high gluten content makes it particularly useful in making bread.

Gluten - The insoluble protein that holds air in the dough and expands, giving dough its elasticity.

Rye Flour - From the rye kernel, contains a lesser amount of gluten than wheat flours and tends to produce a fine-textured, moist, dense bread.

Spring Wheat, Hard Wheat - refers to the time of year the wheat was grown. Hard wheat has a strong quality of gluten and is best suited as a bread flour.

Winter Wheat, Soft Wheat - Grown in the winter, is more suitable to making pastry flour. It has a milder flavor and finer texture. Hard wheat flour can be sifted, removing the bran and making it more suitable in pastries, cakes, etc.

Yeast - a leavening agent that works by fermenting sugar to carbon dioxide and alcohol. The carbon dioxide is trapped in the bread by the gluten; the alcohol is given off as a gas before baking.

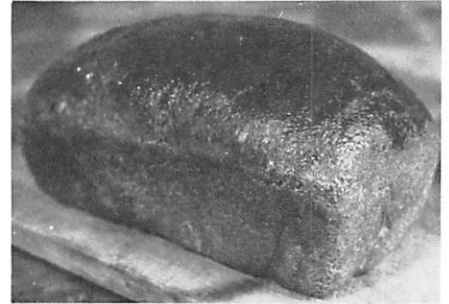
Take care of your yeast and it will take care of your bread. Yeast is killed by too much heat (as in baking the bread or in too hot water to begin with). And it is retarded by cold temperatures. Yeast is a living organism that needs three important things to function to the best of its ability: 1) warmth, 2) moisture, and 3) a food source to grow on, such as honey, molasses, malt, or sugar. Salt retards the action of yeast so it is better to add it toward the end. *The Tassajara Bread Book* by Edward Espe Brown recommends dissolving yeast in 90°-105° F water. With higher temperatures the yeast gets too active too soon and wears itself out.

MAKING THE BREAD

The ingredients may change in making the bread, but the steps involved are very similar. It's really not as difficult as many recipes make it sound. Two steps often mentioned briefly in recipes are **essential** to get good results: kneading and rising. You have only to ask my husband about all of my failures trying to get whole-grain bread to hold together for sandwiches to realize how essential.

Kneading is working the bread dough with your hands to develop the elasticity of the gluten. This is a necessary step for **all** yeast breads, but especially for whole wheat or rye breads. The gluten takes longer to develop in these breads. You can't knead the bread too much. Ten to fifteen minutes of kneading is really good for your bread as well as your soul. It's a great exercise for people with arthritis or for those feeling uptight. (Making bread is really good therapy for lots of things!)

Here's a simple guide for how to knead. If you are totally confused, just look at the accompanying



photographs.

1) On a floured board (usually dusted with white flour because of its higher gluten content) dump out the bread dough.

2) If it sticks, put more flour on your hands and the board.

3) Fold the section of dough furthest from you in half towards you. Push this down with the palms of your hands, keeping your arms locked. Don't be afraid to really push down.

4) Rotate the bread dough a quarter-turn in a counter-clockwise direction.

5) Repeat steps 3 & 4 for 10 to 15 minutes and the bread is smooth and elastic.

Rising is an equally important step in making bread. For the yeast to work, it must have time to expand and enlarge the bread with it. The yeast will continue to grow until it is killed in the baking process. But too much rising will cause the bread to fall, as the yeast can work only as much as the developed gluten will hold.

Bread needs a warm place (90-110° F) without a draft. Here are some suggestions: on a radiator, on top of a refrigerator, on a rack over a bowl of hot water, on top of the T.V. (turned on), in the oven (not turned on) with the pilot light or oven light on, on a warming shelf over a wood stove. It's good to cover the bread with a towel—this helps to keep the warmth in the bowl. It is important to preheat the oven before baking the bread; otherwise the bread may fall before the top crust is cooked to trap the expanded carbon dioxide gas.

Basic Whole Wheat Yeast Bread*

(4 loaves)

Love is not only the most important ingredient, it is the only ingredient that really matters.

Part 1 - "The Sponge"

6 cups lukewarm water (90-105°F)

2 Tablespoons dry yeast

1/2 - 1/4 cup sweetening (honey or molasses)

2 cups dry milk

7-9 cups whole wheat bread flour
(2 cups of total may be white flour)

Dissolve yeast in the warm water. Stir in sweetening and dry milk. Stir in flour until a thick batter is formed. Beat well with a wooden spoon (100 strokes). Cover with a towel and let rise in a warm place for 60 minutes.

Part 2 - "The Dough"

2-1/2 Tbsp. salt

1 cup vegetable oil

2-3 Tbsp. nutritional yeast (opt.)

6-8 cups whole wheat flour

2-3 cups white flour for kneading
on the board

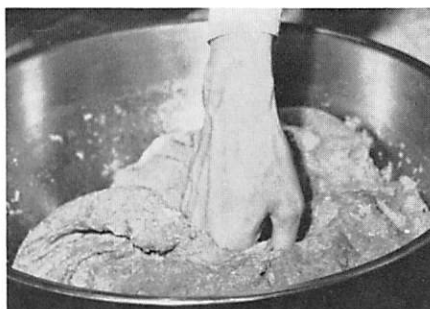
Fold in salt and oil. Do not stir too much. Fold in additional flour and nutritional yeast if desired until dough comes away from the sides of the bowl. Knead on a floured board until smooth. Place dough in an oiled bowl, smooth side down. Then turn it over so the smooth side is up. Cover with a towel. Place in a warm place. Let rise 50 minutes.

Punch down. Let rise for 40 minutes.

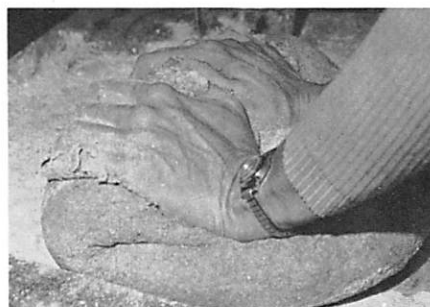
Shape into loaves (4 greased bread pans). Let rise 20 minutes. Bread should be 1/2-1" above the sides of the pan before baking. Preheat the oven to 350°F. Bake 45-55 minutes.

**from The Tassajara Bread Book*

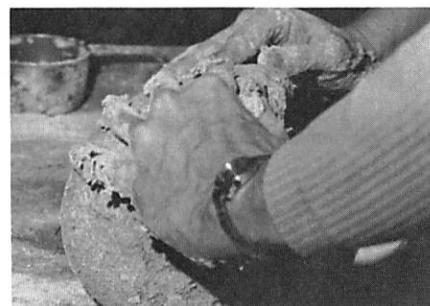
*The Sponge stage in making bread—
giving the yeast a chance to really work*



Steps in Kneading: (1) Punch Down (an extra rising produces a more even texture)



(2) Pushing the dough—down and away



*(3) Folding over and pulling back
To be alternated with step (2).*

CHARACTERISTICS OF DIFFERENT FLOURS

Almost anything can go into making bread. Different flours have different properties they might add to bread. Keep in mind whenever doing any substituting that some wheat flour must be in all bread recipes because of its higher gluten content.

Rye Flour - tends to produce a fine-textured, moist, dense bread. Rye flour has a distinctive flavor, which blends well with molasses.

Oats - may be added either as dry oatmeal, cooked oatmeal, or oat flour (dried oats blended fine). Oats add a chewy, moist texture to the bread. If

dry oatmeal is used, the flecks can be seen in the finished bread. When using cooked oatmeal, decrease the liquid by 1/2 cup for each cup of oatmeal.

Soy Flour - has a distinctive, strong flavor that tends to make the bread heavy and dense. It is usually added in small amounts to balance the protein content of the bread. Soy flour must be stored in a cool place (like a refrigerator) to keep it from going rancid. Use one or two cups to replace that much flour in a recipe.

Rice Flour - also tends to make the bread heavy and dense. It can be substituted for one or two cups of whole wheat flour.

Cornmeal or corn flour - adds a crunchy, sweet flavor and a distinctive yellow color. It can be substituted for up to one-half of the wheat flour. Bread made with a lot of corn meal will be crumblier. Corn meal should also be kept in the refrigerator.

Wheat germ - tends to be heavy and dense. It adds a lot of nutrition to the bread and I like its chewy texture. Usually one cup is added to a bread recipe. Wheat germ must be kept cool.

Wheat bran - is often added to increase bulk and fiber content. Bran adds coarseness to the bread. If the bread is to be used as sandwich bread, the amount of additional bran should be limited.

Usually only two or three different flours are used in any one recipe. Much more and the flavor of each individual flour is lost to the others.

OTHER VARIATIONS

Variations in your bread can go as far as your imagination. The following list of ingredients are just suggestions to get you thinking about what can go into a loaf of bread. All of these can be added just before the kneading process begins.

Grated Carrots, raisins, date pieces, grated green peppers, grated cheese, grated onions, herbs, mashed potatoes (replacing some of the flour), bacon bits, or lecithin (reduces the amount of cholesterol).

Salt may be eliminated as it is basically added for flavor. Malt may be used in place of any sweetener. Use 1 Tbsp. of malt for each cup of flour in the final recipe. The total amount of malt should be added as the very first step with the yeast.

Orange juice or other juices may be

substituted for some of the original water. The final dough can be rolled in sesame seeds or nuts. The bread can be shaped in any variety of ways to be baked.

Here's one of my favorite variations. And it holds together and stays moist quite a long time.

Rye-Oatmeal Bread*

Part 1 - "The Sponge"

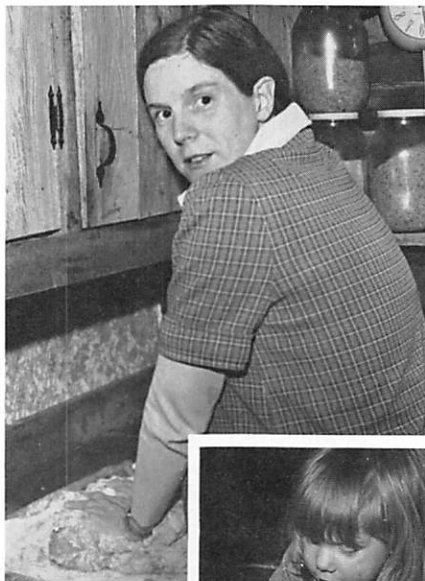
6 cups water
2 Tbsp. dry yeast
1/2 - 3/4 cup molasses (blackstrap molasses is really good)
2 cups dry milk
4 cups unbleached white flour
4 cups whole wheat flour

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Stir in molasses and dry milk. Add flour until a thick batter is formed. Beat with a wooden spoon (100 strokes). Cover with a towel and let rise in a warm place for 60 minutes.

Part 2 - "The Dough"

2 1/2 Tbsp. salt
1/2-1 cup vegetable oil
4 cups rolled oats
4 cups rye flour

continued . . .



Jane Chandler, kneading bread in the kitchen she built herself (Inset) daughter Becky gets into the act

2 to 3 cups unbleached white flour for kneading

Fold in salt and oil. Do not stir too much. Fold in oats and rye flour. Knead on a floured board until smooth. Place dough in an oiled bowl, smooth side down. Then turn it over so the smooth side is up. Cover with a towel. In a warm place, let rise for 50 minutes or until doubled in volume.

Punch down. Let rise for 40 minutes.

Shape into loaves (4 greased bread pans). Let rise 20 minutes. Preheat oven to 350°F. Bake 45-55 minutes.

Have patience! You don't have to sit and watch the bread rise. But you do have to give it time to grow and expand.

Have love! Breadmaking is a temperamental art. Enjoy the process of making the bread. It can be good therapy.

And most important of all . . . Enjoy! The results are well worth the time involved.

Jane Chandler and her husband Jim, who took some of the photos for this article, live in South Woodstock.

A short, short story for Easter:

Little Hulda's Dream



My, what a beautiful Easter Sunday it's going to be. The sun is up. Everyone is still sleeping. I can hear the rooster singing his song—I'd better get busy.

It's been a year since I came to live here with this young couple and their daughter. What a wonderful year it has been for me since they picked me from the orphanage.

I have so much fun, I build the fire in the kitchen stove and put water on for coffee. I go and pick up the hens' eggs, open the small barn door to let out the sheep and our one small horse.

Then we have our first breakfast: coffee and a piece of *nisu* (coffee cake). Each one has his own coffee mug and rinses it out, ready for the second breakfast.

The Lady and I get the pails, strainer, cloths; we go to milk the three cows. We always have to remember to tie one cow's tail to her leg. She swishes us so with that tail of hers; maybe she's ticklish as we milk

her with our heads against her stomach. She is a busy cow with that tail of hers. She's the one that gives the most cream—such good butter. Oh! I love new buttermilk, a slab of butter in it.

My, what a lovely lunch with home-made rye bread. It's not the dark bread we used to have, but give me buttered rye bread, a piece of salt fish, butter milk: mmmmm.

"Hulda" . . . who's calling me? "Hulda-a-a-a!" . . . yes, yes, I'm awake. Oh, I'm so sorry, I went back to sleep, dreaming I was doing my work. Oh, do forgive me, I promise I won't oversleep again.

"We have a surprise for you, Hulda," says the Lady. "Here's a brand-new dress for you, a hat and shoes for Easter." I'm so excited with new clothes to go to Easter Sunday church. What a wonderful Easter I will have with you.

"I, too, have a surprise for you, Hulda," says the Gentleman. "Before

you put on your new clothes to go to church, come with me, Hulda, to the barn. Yes, the cows have been milked. We picked up the eggs, we did your work while you were dreaming. You didn't dream of the year you have given us—a peaceful year.

"This is your first pay: mamma sheep and her twin babies." I burst out crying. Are they mine, a mamma sheep and her two babies? Are they mine?

"Yes, they are yours," says the Man. "You have given us such a good year, we will help you start a sheep family for as long as you stay with us."

What a beautiful Easter Sunday for Little, Little Hulda.

H. S. Kenealy, a South Paris resident of Finnish descent, sometimes writes down her charming short stories of the old days and little Hulda for us.

Shaw's Snappy Syncopators

by Marguerite M. Shaw

Howard Walker Shaw played for his first dance when he was nine years old. He was scared to death and took his clarinet to the Old Academy Hall on Paris Hill to "help out" the orchestra. He sat down all evening playing the tunes with the bell of the clarinet down between his knees, never daring to look up and watch the dancers.

Howard was born in South Paris, Maine, on April 29, 1883, the son of William and Lillian Morse Shaw. His father was a musician and also the proprietor of the Andrews House—the local hotel. Howard served as a clerk at the hotel, meeting the trains and entertaining the guests who arrived on the "up" or "down" trains from Portland, Island Pond, or Montreal. He completed grade school and tried for a short time to take music lessons from Cora Briggs, the local church organist at the time. But, as she later said, "I had to give up on him, as he knew how to play everything without practicing and it was no use; he never would study music like the other pupils."

Two houses below the local Andrews house lived Ida Barrows Titcomb who had moved from Stow, Maine, and Salem, Mass., with her three children (and later housed her step-son). Edna Mae Easson—the oldest child—was in high school and Howard would walk her over to school at noon hours. Following Edna's graduation from South Paris High School in June of 1906, she and Howard were married of September of that same year. Edna says it was the only time, before or since, that she and Howard were ever up that early in the morning, as all their later married lives were devoted to dances and late hours. The honeymoon?



The Shaw Orchestra in the 1920's at Poland Spring House: (l. to r.) Ray Newton, banjo; Edna Shaw, drums; Elizabeth "Bess" Klain, piano; Howard Shaw, leader, saxophone, clarinet, xylophone, etc.

They went to Old Orchard for the day and then returned to live the first few years at the Andrews House.

As a young man, Howard played with various orchestras before starting his own *Shaw's Snappy Syncopators* in the early 1920's. His wife was the business manager and did various work of printing posters, making tickets, handling all the money, and being the hostess at the dances.

Nearly all the Granges in Oxford County planned suppers followed by dances by Shaw's Orchestra. The telephone operator would give one very long ring and announce to *all* that "the Grange would have a supper the following Saturday night followed with a dance until midnight by Shaw's Orchestra." The menu was always the same: home-baked beans, homemade raised rolls, salads, pies, and coffee. The dancing was always the same: open with a Fox Trot. Waltz, Boston Fancy, Fox Trot, Lady of the Lake, Old Portland Fancy, Haymaker's Jig, Gallopade, Hull's Victory, were among the favorites in "contra" dances which occurred as every third dance with waltzes and fox trots between, until the Good Night Waltz.

Summer brought the summer visitors and camp counsellors to the many pavillions. They came to watch and enjoy the local dances. Nearly

every lake in Oxford County had a dance pavillion, from Lovell, Sweden and Canton to Oxford, Norway, Bethel and Locke Mills.

Howard would drive a big Hudson car equipped to carry a full set of drums back of the left front fender on a drum rack. A trunk affair between the spare tire and the back of the car carried xylophone, people, or music. Inside the car, between the front and back seats, the C melody saxophone and bass saxophone in cases served as more seats for people to ride to the dances. He could get the orchestra into the car, plus quite a few young women who would beg to go to the dance. Usually about 10-12 could make it in that car to West Minot or North Buckfield.

Howard always said he could play every instrument, except he never tried a violin. He usually played a B-flat or an A-flat clarinet, banjo, drums, saxophone, and xylophone. He often played the drums while playing a wind instrument at the same time. As the mood or musical score changed, he would change his instruments.

Nearly everyone in his orchestra played "by ear." He bought and carried sheet music of the popular hits of the day for the pianist, but Howard himself had the gift of perfect pitch. The one and only time he heard the Portland Symphony

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Orchestra, he leaned over to me and said, "watch that second fiddle player, he will have to tune up better." Sure enough, in a matter of seconds, the player was picking at his strings and listening with bent head to bring his instrument in tune. I couldn't believe it.

Howard was no teacher. He loved youngsters and always "sat in" at all special events of the high school orchestra to help them out at shows, graduations, etc. As his niece Helen Shaw, for many years the music teacher in the schools, would say, "come on over and help us." He loved Helen and loved the young musicians; but when mothers would plead with him to give their sons or daughters lessons, he would try by sitting them in the living room in front of a music stand. He would tell them how to place their fingers and then go leave them and cover his ears and say, "I can't understand why they can't play that simple scale." His impatience and the squeaks and squeals made in that room were the last of his trying to teach others what he knew naturally and could produce. But he recognized young professional talent in youngsters and would always find a place to hire them and give them an apprenticeship in the orchestra or in the band that he later organized.

His playing for the movies was entertainment in itself. People would inquire if Howard was going to play. He had the piano all equipped with train whistles and bells, clocks, wood blocks, and all sorts of noise makers as he sat and watched the movie and played appropriate music, filling in with his "sound effects." He loved to entertain people and each special holiday dance was a big occasion. We carried a homemade skyrocket to shoot for the Fourth of July fireworks at Intermission. Howard would walk to the beach edge of the pavilion and give a big aerial display out over the lake for all the people attending the dance.

One Thanksgiving Eve the ground was bare when the orchestra left South Paris for Buckfield and the Holiday Dance. As soon as the dance started it began to snow—a warm, wet snow that kept up until midnight. The old dirt road and the snow were a double hazard over Streaked Mountain and the car wouldn't go; so everyone sang, pushed the car, and

walked until they arrived at a farmhouse at 5 a.m. and saw smoke coming from the chimney. They all—dripping wet—went into the kitchen and immediately filled the room with steam. The farmer hitched up a rig and brought them the rest of the way into South Paris. No one got sick from it, but it was "A Night To Remember."

Howard never, to my knowledge, travelled any further than Boston. He made that trip two or three times and was always glad to get back home. Many winters the orchestra played for a month at the Poland Spring House, Mansion House, and Ricker Inn during the height of the winter season with its special Alaskan dog sled races and winter carnivals. This meant real dress-up and catering to the guests' requests for songs and music. The "help" at Ricker Inn would have costume balls and Howard rose to the occasion of both guests and help, providing the music and enjoying all humanity, rich or poor.

Howard was a "pro" in every sense of the word. His day began about 11 a.m. and from the time he rose until afternoon he was busy "over town" talking, calling musicians, arranging for this and that. By 4:00 he had looked over every instrument, running water through the reeds and practicing over the instruments, drying them, putting silk scarves around them and laying them back in their cases, checking the flashing light in the bass drum, looking over the drum sticks, checking the music bag. By 5:00 p.m. he might stretch out for a few minutes' snooze. Then he'd be up and bathe; dress in white flannels, white shirt, dark coat, bow tie; get all the instruments into their proper places on the car or inside; and he and Edna in her black lace dress and with her "chocolate box" would pick up the other musicians at their homes and be "off to the dance."

Winters were the hardest as the pavilions closed and this mean only shows, local Granges, and town social functions for the orchestra. So Howard took on many sidelines before World War II. The advent of the radio was a naturally related sideline for him. He became a dealer for Atwater-Kent, Zenith, and Majestic radios. He bartered and traded with people as money was scarce. The local barber gave him shaves, especially before he was due to play somewhere,

to pay for his radio. The barber's interest in old bottles and glasses made a theatre for Howard to entertain. He filled the glasses and bottles to various levels with water and made a huge glass instrument. While the patrons waited, Howard would play all the favorite tunes on the bottles.

From radios he delved into washing machines when they first became electrical. But his first love was entertainment so he brought in a public address system for his car and went to political rallies, county fairs, and all public events—hired to bring music and announcements and to advertise the day's events through the streets.

When WCSH first had its radio station in Portland, he notched my mother's harmonica so she could tell the key of C from the key of G and they all went to Portland to play for an hour on the radio. Mother was not strictly a musician and he wanted to be assured that she would play in the right key. He let her play the drum sometimes. My sister Reta played piano and he would allow me to play the drum and finally to sing with the orchestra. One night he handed me a large megaphone with "Shaw's" written on it and he simply said, "You can sing—you take the next chorus." So, as a dutiful daughter, I "took the next chorus" . . . and from then on I sang at many of the dances. Reta inherited his musicianship. I did not. After my struggling with the local piano teachers, he would shout from the next room, "If you would put an E-flat in where you are supposed to, you would get it."

Howard loved animals and children and they all hung around and loved him. One day he and the neighbor children held funeral services for our old cat over in the woods, saying the Lord's Prayer and singing a hymn. Upon arriving home, he saw our old cat come up from the cellar, so he knew they had buried the wrong cat. He said, "Some poor cat got an awfully good funeral."

The day Howard died (Father's Day, 1945), a child from the next street came to the door with a bouquet of wildflowers in her hand. She said, only, when handing them to me, "These are just because we loved him." Those words, and that child, meant more than any other gift or acknowledgement our family could

have received.

Favorite tunes? Sometimes small social groups would ask him to play at teas or private parties, so he would gather together his "chamber music" musicians and play such things as *Mighty Like A Rose*, *When You Come To The End Of A Perfect Day*, etc. I don't know if those were his favorites, but we had them all played at his funeral as this was the type of music that he loved.

But he might have said *Old Zip Coon* or *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* as his love of music was universal.

Edna Mae Easson Shaw, the mother of Marguerite and Reta Shaw, was a stalwart assistant to her husband Howard throughout his orchestra days. But she was a talented woman in her own right—she wrote many poems for her own pleasure and that of her friends and family. After her death, her daughters had some published in a little booklet they called *Doggerel*. Here are some examples of the verses written by Mrs. Shaw.

EASTER

Oh, weary pilgrim of the earth
Is thy burden too much for thee?
Just vision once again today
Our Lord, on Calvary's tree . . .

The world seemed dark and dreary
All faith and hope were gone
As his friends stood there beside him
Viewing his dying form.

He still had thoughts of mercy
And love beyond compare
He gently asked that God forgive
The ones who put him there.

But soon from out this vision
A glad new day was born
And Christ came forth victorious
On that first Easter morn.

We, too, can be victorious
O'er sin and fear and strife
Our seeming stone will roll away
Through Christ the Truth and Life.

If we search for him, like Mary—
though weeping with doubt and fear
An angel whispers soft and low
Your Savior is standing near.

Look up! and there behold Him
In all his bright array
"There's Peace and Joy for you,
my child,"

I'm with you all the way."



Edna Shaw in 1954

NORMAN

I've a little friend named Norman,
Who's five years old today;
He's the cutest, smartest little boy
On Pine Street, by the way.

He has a dandy cowboy suit,
And suit of sailor blue,
A bright and shiny necktie,
With Uncle Sammy too.

He loves to draw and color,
And read the funny papers.
You should see him march with
the radio,

He cuts such funny capers.

He has the sweetest little sister
You would ever care to see.
He does his crazy stunts for her,
And fills her heart with glee.

He gets up early in the morn,
Plays out when it's nice,
But you'll find him in at 4 P.M.
When "Portia Faces Life."

He will soon be running off to school.
We all will miss him then,
But he must take his place in life
With stronger, bigger men.

He calls in my house every day
Looks in the candy jar,
To see what I have saved for him—
You know how children are.

I call him partly my boy,
For I see him every day,
I hope he won't forget me
When I'm old and grey.

Edna M. Shaw
South Paris

A Cornish Innkeeper's First Novel

by Jack Barnes

After lying empty and forlorn for over two years, the New Lincoln Hotel in Cornish was recently purchased by Mr. and Mrs. George Larkin Moneyhun, who now call it the Cornish Country Inn. Moreover, Cornish's newest innkeeper, for twenty years an editor for *The Christian Science Monitor*, has written a novel—his first—entitled **The Mill Girls**. It is published in paperback edition by Tower Publications under the name George Larkin. "I used my middle name; my last name is too long," laughs Moneyhun.

The setting for this fascinating novel is Lowell, Massachusetts; the time is about 1837—a time when Lowell was rapidly becoming the center of America's embryonic cotton textile industry, largely as a result of the brilliant and daring efforts of Francis Cabot Lowell.

"It was when we (his attractive wife Judy and two children, Tanja and Christian) moved to Chelmsford right outside of Lowell and into an old house built in 1875 that I got caught up in the history of the house and the area. I heard about the mills and the mill girls. I just thought it was a natural for a novel," the author explains.

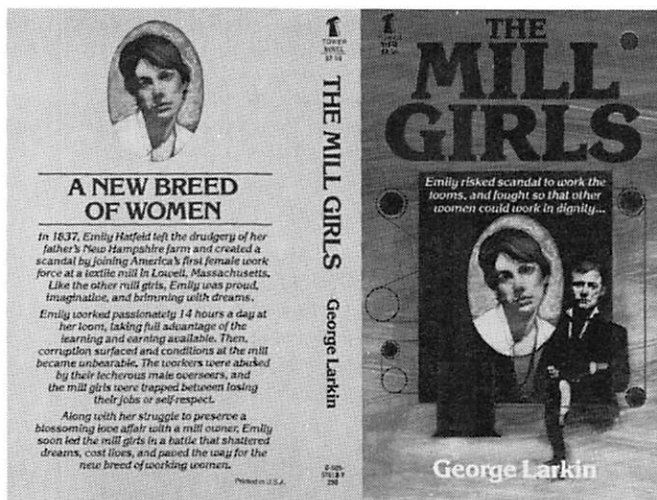
It had been Francis Cabot Lowell's great dream ever since visiting Manchester, England (the center of that country's vast cotton industry) to transform his own fledgling nation from a predominately agrarian to a great industrial society. He hoped that his beloved New England would someday surpass both France and England in the manufacture of cotton textiles. He aspired to accomplish this in three ways: capitalizing upon good old Yankee ingenuity; harvesting New England's almost inexhaustible water power; and recruiting sturdy and reliable girls from the farms of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine—girls who were inured to hard labor.

He had witnessed the appalling conditions under which poverty-

stricken men, women, and children toiled endlessly to enable the capitalistic elite to become richer. But Lowell's grand design was to found a textile industry modeled after the benevolent and paternalistic system established outside of Edinburgh, Scotland by Robert Owen, whom Lowell had met. Under Lowell's system, young girls from the New England farms would have an alternative to the drudgery of years of hard toil on the farm, compounded by seemingly-endless childbearing.

admonishment of her father who looks upon his daughter's quest for independence and enlightenment as utterly disgraceful. Her mother, and especially her spinster aunt are more sympathetic to Emily's desire to become a liberated woman:

"Tell me child," Aunt Meg said in a warm, soft voice, "do you still want to be your own person? Is there a burning deep down inside you that says, 'I just gotta know more about the world and I just gotta be a part of what's happening?'"



The cover of *The Mill Girls*, George Larkin Moneyhun's novel

Girls for the first time could seek financial independence, live and work in an environment similar to that of a college or a university and have time to develop their potentially fertile minds by attending lectures and concerts, and by reading books provided by lending libraries. Although Lowell did not live to see his dream come true, the city which bears his name sprouted up from an early textile mill built by Pawtucket Falls at the confluence of the Concord and Merrimac rivers and rapidly expanded into the great complex of brick buildings that one can still view today.

The plot of *The Mill Girls* revolves around the heroine, Emily Hatfield. She chooses to leave the farm in Bow, New Hampshire, despite the

"Yes," Emily whispered between sobs. "Yes, but . . ."

"Then no buts about it," Aunt Meg said firmly. "You're making the right decision . . ."

Emily, according to the author, is a composite of several female personages, the major one being Sarah Bagley, "who was the leader of the Lowell Female Labor Reform Association."

Of course, there is an antagonist, the rich and powerful Courtney Boone. His innate greed leads him to misappropriate funds, resulting in a steady decline in profits which consequently reduces dividends to shareholders. Boone blames the declining profits on foreign and domestic competition. The burden of his greed falls on the sagging

shoulders of the girls.

At first the girls, although working a fourteen-hour day, are able to tend one or two looms at a leisurely pace and to somewhat enjoy the Utopian life that Lowell conceived. In an effort to cover up the vast sums of money he is siphoning off the company, Boone offers the supervisors an incentive raise for increased production to coerce the girls into working more and more looms—upwards to eight or ten, or else to be fired. Consequently, at the end of the day, most of the girls are too exhausted to attend the lectures at the lyceum or to participate in other activities which they had formerly enjoyed. Very rapidly they are caught in the undertow of the worst aspects of the Industrial Revolution.

According to Moneyhun, an early industrialist in the Lowell area named Kirk Boothe reminded him somewhat of Boone: "He was quite a stern old fellow from all the descriptions I read. He would whip the youngsters when they got in the way of his horse. He was a pretty rough old fellow and I based Boone partly on him."

Certainly *The Mill Girls* is not an attack upon all mill owners, for Mathew Haig, the real owner of the mill, strives to enact the glorious dream of his old friend Lowell. He is a beneficent middle-aged gentleman who falls in love with Emily. They meet clandestinely whenever Haig is in town and plan to marry. Haig's weakness is that he trusts Boone implicitly to operate the mills while he spends most of his time in Washington working for a protective tariff on imported cotton goods, in the naive belief that the working conditions of the girls will improve once foreign competition is reduced.

Emily becomes the leader in organizing the girls to demand better working conditions, including a ten-hour day (just as her prototype Sarah Bagley did in real life). She writes numerous articles for *The Lowell Offering*—the first magazine ever to be written, edited, and published entirely by women—in which she attempts to expose Boone and his cohorts for the villains they really are. Of course, Boone is in a position to prevent most of her articles from being published. The editor of *The Lowell Offering*, Harriet Farley, is the only character in the novel taken

directly from real life except for Francis Cabot Lowell.

Moneyhun did research at the Merrimack Valley Textile Museum in North Andover, Massachusetts, to glean information for his novel. "That's where I spent a lot of my time, poring over old books; and they had all of the original volumes of *The Lowell Offering*. A lot of what I have put into the book were descriptions the girls wrote themselves about what life was like."

For a first novel *The Mill Girls* is an excellent piece of work. Not only is it a superb novel for adults; but it has, in my opinion, great merit as a work of historical fiction on the Industrial Revolution to be used in American literature, American history, or American Studies from grades eight through the college level. It is one of the few novels written since the death of Maine's Kenneth Roberts that is fast-moving, didactic, and . . . clean.

Barnes teaches at Bonny Eagle High School and York Community College. He has several books underway. See next month for his column Notes From Brookfield Farm.

A VESTIGE OF WINTER

Black waters rushing by,
Swollen from the spring rains;
Cakes of ice tossed high,
A vestige of winter remains.

Jack Barnes
Hiram

NATURE NOTES

Spring's message written boldly
in black twigs; tree shorthand
announcing sap flow
and penning a welcome to feathered
arrivals;
message clear without transcription.

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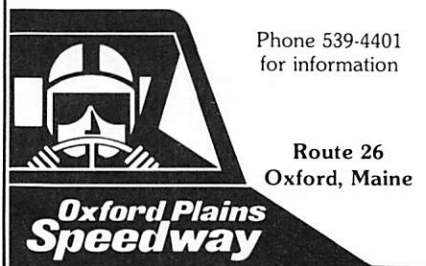
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Folk Tales

Betty and Tom Foley "Birds Of A Feather"

Betty and Tom Foley moved to the sleepy little village of Oxford three years ago from Plainfield, New Jersey, and settled into a rambling house with a studio attached, on a knoll off Pleasant Street.

Their goal is to be able to devote themselves "more extensively" to their art. Tom is a woodcarver whose specialty is shore birds. Betty paints portraits in miniature. Together they run a busy matting-and-framing business in the workshop attic above the studio.

They also sell art supplies and loan out the use of the studio for Sam Albini's weekly art classes.

Tom works during the day at Norway Nursing Home as a jack-of-all-trades and finds it "fulfilling and heartwarming." He has become attached to many of the guests there and they enrich his days. Even though it takes him away from his woodsculpture, it balances his life, he feels. "Artists need to have contact with other people, especially so because they are alone when they are working with their art," he says. His other form of "people-contact" is the Hillsmen Chorus with which he sings regularly in barbershop harmony. In the days when he was "heavily into hunting and fishing," Tom worked as a journalist, sportswriter, and illustrator for the *Jersey Angler's News*. That was before he bought a carving knife and a book to show him how to use it.



Tom and Betty with daughter Mary, 16

Betty, too, enjoys the blend of public contact and working side-by-side with Tom at her art or matting and framing pictures for interior decorators; daytimes find her working as a medical transcriptionist at Stephens Memorial Hospital.

Betty and Tom both have gregarious, friendly natures and have drawn around them many friends (especially "... a lot of out-of-staters") of like mind, there in the cozy kitchen on Pleasant Knoll. Art class evenings are often given over to spontaneous discussions on philosophy, psychology, literature, old movies, and old movie stars. "Remember Maria Ouspenskaya? She went on forever! And Helmut Dantine? He always played the perfect German!"

The gabfests inevitably turn to the subject of food—and the taste of things they miss that they don't find here. In fact, they and some of their friends daydream about eventually having a club: "We'll call it the Left Bank, after that part of Paris, France, where all the writers and artists hung out," says Tom. It would be a place filled with paintings and sketches and comfortable old sofas and chairs, where everyone could get together and reminisce, shoot the breeze, and gorge nightly on Tastykakes, Philadelphia soft pretzels-with-mustard, hard-crusted Jewish rye bread, Greek souvlaki, Polish keilbasa, bagels with cream cheese and lox, or real Italian hogies!

"We're in love with Maine," they say, "and wouldn't want to go back. But it's no sin to miss a wee bit of your hometown once in a while, is it?"

Pat White Gorrie
Otisfield

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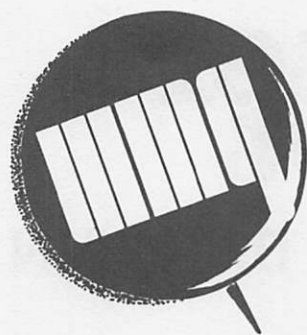
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The urge to flirt with rhyme and words,
To change prose into flowing verse
Not only comes to ancient birds,
But young chicks often have this curse.
The peaceful sunset may inspire
The aged or the juvenile
To scribble lines as they admire
The flaming panorama. While
In morning the small fledgling may
Take quill in hand to glorify
The breaking of a fresh new day,
The old and feathery bard may try
To put the same exquisite scene
In phrases that will pierce the soul.
No, age can never come between
The poet and his final goal.
The poem may be very bad
Or written by a hand that's skilled,
But if it makes **one** person glad,
Its total mission is fulfilled.

*Otta Louise Chase
Sweden, Maine*

Heading Out

Portland's Model Market



I'd been led to believe that people would drive all the way to L-A*, diligently search the emporiums of that metropolis, and still have to return to Main Street Norway to buy what they wanted. This notion, probably fostered by an over-zealous Chamber of Commerce, may apply to water pump parts which haven't been manufactured since Forrest Longley was a boy, but it certainly isn't true of anchovies.

Now anchovies are almost mandatory for very few dishes. However, when they are needed or craved, it is nice to be able to get them; and, crushing as it may be, ladies and gentlemen, greater L-A or even Main Street Norway isn't the place!

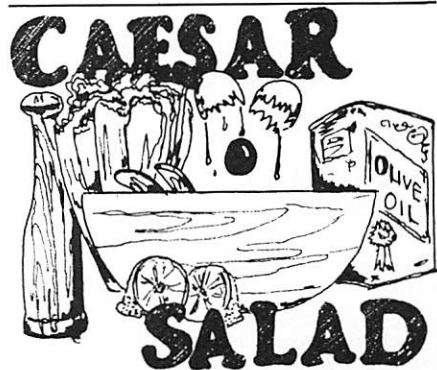
A few Fridays ago friends were coming for dinner and Caesar Salad was on the menu. This elegantly dressed Romaine is one of the few aforementioned dishes. It had never occurred to me that the anchovies might not be running. Three stores, no luck, o.k. I'll go to a pizza shop, humble myself, and ask to buy just a couple. Three pizzerias later I realized just how far back in the woods I really lived. They didn't even sell anchovy pizza. Frustration. Anger. Depression. Despair. Of all people, Chambers of Commerce ought to be subject to truth-in-advertising laws. If I'd had the time, I'd have showed them. I'd gladly have used \$4 worth of gas, devoted two and a half hours of my life, and squandered \$50 "out-of-town" just to make a point and, among other things, get some anchovies.

**Those of you who have been fortunate enough not to know that L-A is the P.R. man's notion of Lewiston-Auburn are no longer fortunate.*

113-115 Middle Street, Portland, is the home of Model Market. Myer and Saul Goldberg, father and son proprietors, have made their place of business an oasis in a desert of food stores destitute of delights. Knackebrod, brie, and St. Emillion are to Saul and Myer what Wonder Bread, margarine and homogenized milk are to Hannaford Brothers. From the moment you enter the store and are greeted by the scents, sights, and sounds of Myer and Saul bantering with an old or becoming friends with a new customer, you're aware that this is no ordinary institution. The difference is by design. Louis Goldberg, Myer's father, started Model Food Importers (the official name) in 1928. At that time the neighborhood surrounding Mr. Goldberg's store was a melting pot for families with strong roots in Eastern and Western Europe. Louis was well aware of the variety and quality of foods these people would want and with 13-year-old Myer as apprentice started meeting these needs with the best and freshest available.

Three days a week a truck would go to the Boston Market and return laden with the fruit, produce, breads, meats, spices, and specialty food items that his customers requested. Once in Portland, the outside displays of fruit and produce, in European tradition, lured customers into a market that offered variety and personal attention seldom equalled in this country. Today, thanks to modern refrigeration and transportation systems, a Boston trip is made just once a week. The old neighborhood has given way to highways, commercial buildings, and parking lots; the displays are all inside now;

but the service, variety, and uncompromising quality still exist. Thousands of items from 39 countries are readily available: 150 spices, well over 100 types of cheese (in bulk and at their best ages), escargot, truffles, fish sauce, croissants, Kangaroo tail soup, and, of course, anchovies are there for the asking. "If it's edible, we stock it or will get it for you," says Myer. This isn't exactly true. Model Market stocks no Wonder Bread, margarine, or milk; in short, they don't sell anything that can be easily purchased elsewhere. But if it's a little offbeat, ask. Myer and Saul will be more disappointed than you if they don't carry it!



Clove of Garlic □ 6-8 Anchovy filets
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/3 cup Olive Oil □ 1/2 tsp. Salt
1/4 tsp. dry Mustard □ 1 Lemon, cut in half
Large bunch Romaine Lettuce
Coddled Egg □ Croutons □ Fresh Pepper
1/3 cup Parmesan Cheese

A Caesar Salad, coupled with a souffle and Vie de France bread, makes an inexpensive and low calorie as well as delicious evening meal. I'll share some thoughts on the salad and how to make it:

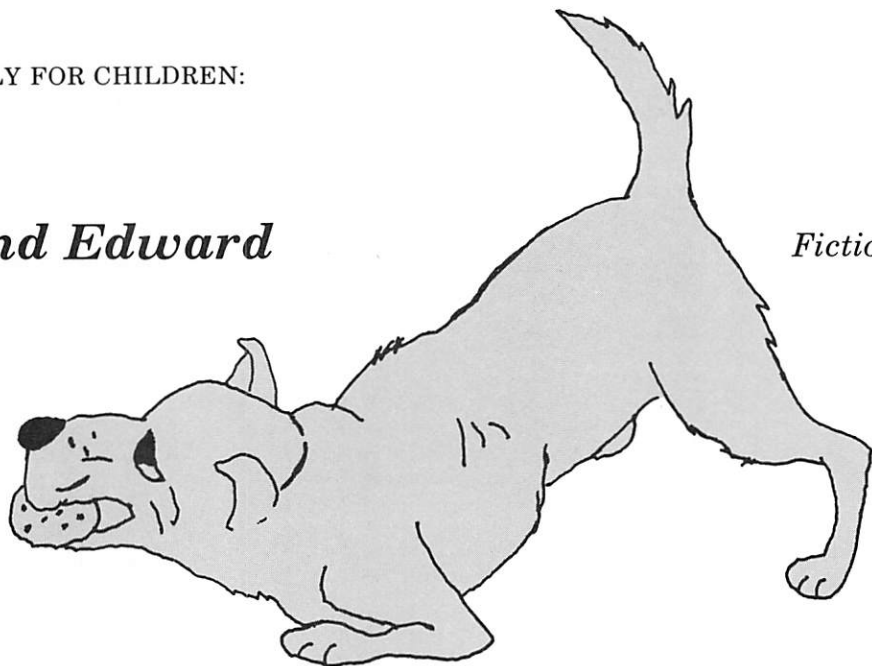
As previously pointed out, anchovies don't *have* to be there, but they certainly help. "But I don't like anchovies," you say—well, why not shed your plastic leisure suit and live a little?

Cut the clove of garlic in half and rub it vigorously onto the insides of a large wooden salad bowl (I like to cut little slices into the ends of the halves as well). The wooden bowl won't react with ingredients, the texture will assist with breaking up the garlic, and the grain will compliment your finished salad. It's quite all right if little bits of garlic stay in the bowl. Next cut up the anchovy filets and

inside back cover . . .

Maudie and Edward

Fiction by Jim Keil



Maudie King and Kathy Bannister played in the snow at the foot of the big hill that dropped sharply away from the neat little white house where Maudie and her brother Tommy lived with their parents. The western horizon was filled with the magnificent presence of the imposing White Mountains, twenty miles away; the children played just above the banks of the frozen Long Lake.

Edward also lived in Maudie's house. "What's your dog's name?" Kathy had asked, the first time she was invited to Maudie's to play. "Edward," was Maudie's straight-faced answer. "Edward? What a dumb name for a dog, and a girl dog, at that!" Kathy had responded, exploding into laughter.

"That just shows how much you know," Maudie had said, her face a smug mirror of confidence as if there was some mysterious knowledge that she, alone, possessed. "Edward's a smart dog. Why, she even answers to other names. You just listen." Turning toward the woods, Maudie cupped her hands and yelled: "Here Heidi!" Out of the woods bounded a big tan dog, 27" high at the withers, 115 always-hungry pounds, pink tongue waving freely in the breeze. The obedient Edward ran up to the girls and sat down, a perfect Golden Labrador in every detail except two—a pair of stand-up pointed ears that should have belonged to some German Shepherd, and a wrinkled-up snout, obviously intended for a

bloodhound and not a Labrador.

"And that's not all!" shouted Maudie, defiantly, toward the large dog who had once again wandered off toward the woods. "Here Burger" she called. Edward/Heidi/Burger did a military about-face to return to the girls.

At that moment, the side door opened and eleven-year-old Tommy emerged, whistling, a few crusts of his half-eaten sandwich in hand, and called, "Bag! Here Bag!" Edward altered course and veered toward Tommy, leaping artfully into the air to catch the morsels tossed her way.

"Bag? Burger? Heidi?" asked Kathy, her eyes filled with tears from laughing so hard, as Edward and Tommy trotted off to the barn side by side. "How can one dog have so many names?"

"It's a long story, Kathy. Really, it is," Maudie said to her friend. She sat down on her snow disc and spun herself over the hill, squealing in delight as the disc nearly turned her upside down on the high side of the hill.

"It may be long, but I have to know," said a breathless Kathy as she fell off her disc and crashed into Maudie's legs, knocking both of them to the ground at the foot of the hill—a heap of laughter.

"Well, it all started the day we saved Edward from the SPCA," Maudie explained. "They said they would have to put her to sleep the next day if we didn't take her." "Poor

doggie," Kathy clucked sadly.

"Yeah. There were two dogs in her pen, she and another, both about the same age and color. They got the records mixed up. One's name was Heidi and she had lived with a family who had kids; the other one came from an apartment with two old ladies. Well, we took this one, cause my daddy said she had webbed feet," Maudie continued.

"Webbed feet?" Kathy asked, incredulously.

"Sure! I'll show you. Edward!" she called out, over her shoulder and up the hill. Suddenly over the crest of the hill appeared a large pink nose and a tongue, as Edward padded down the trail and slid into Kathy.

"See. I told you so," Maudie said to Kathy, one of Edward's out-stretched paws in her hand, the toes spread to reveal the webbing characteristic of water dogs such as Labradors. "Well, I'll be . . ." muttered Kathy, as she stared, fascinated, at the sight.

"Hey girls! Look out!" came a voice at the top of the hill, and Tommy appeared on skis, careening down the trail at a breakneck pace. He swung left as if at the gate of an Olympic slalom course and Edward bounded up and after him, nipping at his heels.

"So, anyway," Maudie continued her story. "We decided her name had to be Heidi, because she liked kids."

"She liked everybody, is more like it," interrupted Tommy, who herring-boned his way back to where the girls were sitting in the warm sunshine.

"Remember the first night we brought her home, Mom and Dad had a party and Edward curled up in a ball on the floor by the big window, and went to sleep. She didn't worry a bit about people stepping all around her," Tommy said, smiling at the memory.

"She was so cute, with her wrinkled up little nose, and she was so fat, she looked like a barrel with legs," Maudie remembered with a sigh. "Yeah," Tommy added, "that's what Dad said about her." Tommy kicked off his skis and climbed to the top of the hill.

Turning back to Maudie and Kathy when he reached the top, he yelled, "Here, Eddie!" and sat down on a snow disc of his own. Edward panted to the top of the hill, her face a mask of curiosity, her wrinkled brow betraying her inquisitive nature. Her wet, affectionate tongue slurped the side of Tommy's face as he balanced precariously in the rocky disc at the top of the hill.

This was Edward's favorite way to show her affection for them, as Tommy and Maudie well knew. She loved to catch people in positions where they were off-balance; such as Mom when she was tying her shoes, or Dad when he was practicing gymnastics with the kids. Then, they knew, Edward would attack, both huge front paws on the person's shoulders, leaning at least two-thirds of her tremendous bulk, the tongue drenching the helpless victim into hysterical submission, the brow seeming to take on a permanent wrinkle. Both kids and parents would swear on a stack of Bibles that her upper lip curled back in a smile.

Maudie continued her story, explaining to Kathy that Edward loved to lick faces of people off-balance. "The first time she did it to my Dad, he swore that she was smiling at him, and he said it reminded him of a television show he used to watch when he was a kid, called *Smiling Ed's Fun Club* . . . Get it? Smiling Ed. That's how she got the name Edward."

"Oh, I don't believe any dog can smile. That's the funniest thing I've ever heard," said Kathy, scoffing at Maudie's tale with a wave of her hand. She turned toward the top of the hill where Tommy's overwrought giggling suddenly turned into delighted screaming when the snow

disc slipped over the top and started down. Tommy was bent over backwards in it, Edward's great bulk draped over him, the two of them careening crazily down the slide path together.

As the two of them whizzed past Maudie and Kathy, Kathy put her hand over her mouth, turning ashen-faced to Maudie and exclaiming, "Did you see that? That dog smiled at me as she went by. Edward *smiled* at me. I must be cracking up." She made a corkscrew motion with the finger of her right hand toward her temple.

"No, it's true. Edward really *does* smile," Maudie consoled her friend. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," Kathy said, more to herself than to anyone else.

Tommy walked back the trail to where the girls were sitting, dragging his snow disc behind him. "Kathy just saw Edward smile," Maudie said to him. "Really? Bet you didn't know a dog could smile. That's how she got

Tommy held out the dog yummie in his hand so the big dog could sniff it through the screen. "Open the door, Edward; come on, girl, you can do it. Turn the handle."

the name Edward, you know," Tommy said, grinning. Kathy nodded her head.

"What was that other name you called her before?" Kathy asked Tommy. He turned quizzically toward Maudie, who answered, "Bag."

"Bag! That's it. How in the world did she get a name like Bag? I should think *one* name would be enough, but two should be plenty!"

"Well," Tommy answered thoughtfully. "Mom and Dad got to kidding one day, when Edward got her first flea collar. You're too young to remember it, Maudie." "I am not, I remember just as well as *you* do," Maudie shot back. "Well anyway, Dad was just kidding around, saying Edward was an old flea bag, and she answered that, too, just as if he'd said her name. Mom and Dad and I . . ."

"And me, too," Maudie interrupted again. "Mom and Dad and I *and* Maudie," started Tommy again, "kept calling her that as a joke, but she always answers to it."

"That doesn't sound like a very smart dog to me," Kathy said. "She doesn't even know her own name."

"Does, too," Tommy argued. "My dad said that dog is so smart she'll answer any name, 'cause she thinks the one who called might be giving away a snack or something, and Edward just *loves* dog yummies."

"Yeah," Maudie added, "And Edward can open doors." "Can not," came Kathy's reply.

"Can, too," said Tommy, "Come see." He led the girls up the hill and in the kitchen door. Taking a dog yummie from the box on the shelf, he led the parade through the living room to the front door. "What are you kids doing with those wet boots?" came a call from the bedroom. "Oh, nothing, Mom," Maudie answered. "Kathy just doesn't believe that Edward can open doors, and we're doing an experiment to show her."

"Okay," came a calmer voice from where Mother was folding clothes. "But please don't track a lot of snow into the house."

"We'll be careful Mom. I promise we will," Tommy answered.

In the vestibule there was a screen door which was used only in the summer, but which was tied back in winter when the storm doors were on. Tommy untied the door and said to the girls, "You go call Edward, while I get things ready." "Okay," Maudie and Kathy said, and Maudie opened the screen door and whistled.

Tommy stood on the inside of the screen door, the dog yummie in his hand, as Edward trotted to a stop on the other side of the door. Her pink tongue hung limply from the side of her mouth and her brow took on the wrinkles of thought as she surveyed the scene before her.

Tommy held out the yummie in his hand so the big dog could sniff it through the screen. "Open the door, Edward; come on girl, you can do it. Turn the handle." Maudie and Kathy, who stood at Edward's side, also offered words of encouragement to her: "Come on, Eddie. Let's see you open the door and get the cookie. You can do it, come on girl," Maudie said, stroking Edward's fur.

Edward sniffed the handle of the door, then very gently rearing back on her hind legs and lightly balancing her weight on the door, she gently pawed at the door handle, which needed only a gentle pull

downward to free the latch. "See Kathy, that's how she opens doors, she jumps up and turns the handle with her paws 'til she gets it open. There she goes . . ." Maudie gave a play-by-play description of the action.

"I don't believe any of this," Kathy muttered, as Edward freed the latch with her paw, then started the part of the process she hated—the one that had given the tip of her tail that curious curl—that of scurrying quickly through the door before the spring slammed it closed. Warily, she started through, only to get caught by the door before clearing it. She backed up.

"Come on, Eddie, don't get discouraged. Try it again," Tommy coaxed. Stroking the back of the big dog's neck, Maudie tried to encourage Edward to go again. Slowly, once more, Edward reared back to another try. "Come on girl, you can do it. Show Kathy you can do it." The kids coaxed and pleaded.

Again she tried, and again she didn't quite make it. Again, she backed up to her starting position, sniffing hungrily through the screen after the snack. "Come on, open the door," Tommy coaxed. Edward sniffed once more at the yummiie, then sniffed the door handle. She reared back on her hind legs again, only this time she dove headlong through the screen, removing the whole thing from the frame of the door in one smooth motion. Then she gently removed the snack from the stunned Tommy's hand, and retreated out the storm door, the dog yummiie securely clenched between her teeth.

"What in the world was that?" came the shocked voice of Mother, who opened the front door to see. Maudie looked at Kathy, then at Tommy, and muttered. "Oh-oh. I don't think Dad's gonna like this. Mom, it was all Tommy's idea. See, he . . ."

Keil is a Naples businessman and part-time writer.



... page 8 Brookfield Farm

cold frame for broccoli, Brussel sprouts, cauliflower, and several varieties of cabbage. Within three weeks I should be planting peas and spinach. I am impatient to savor the sweetness of the first parsnips of the year. I may cast patience to the wind and begin excavating, for I will have my parsnip stew.

Planting a garden for me each year requires exceptional planning, for every summer for the last ten years I have been away from my garden from three to eight weeks. For example, in 1974 I was in India from June 19 to August 15 on a Fulbright seminar. I spent the last day before my departure transplanting in a steady downpour, which was somewhat of a preview of the monsoon I should encounter when it burst upon the Malabar Coast in the area of Bombay. Two years later I was back in South Asia again; this time it was Pakistan on another Fulbright. It was there that I met the woman to whom I am now happily married. When I returned from my sojourn in Pakistan, there was a bountiful crop of almost everything waiting to be harvested. The corn was ripening on schedule, string beans were setting on, and I began to dig the new potatoes for which I had hungered for so many weeks. This summer my wife and I shall be attending an International Forum and doing a cross-culture study of Africa for four weeks. Yet, with proper planning, a little assistance from tenants who rent our mobile home, and a dab of luck thrown in for good measure, we shall return in time to a veritable cornucopia. An assortment of new lettuce should be ready for an instant fresh salad; the okra plants should abound with beautiful blossoms and perhaps the fresh dill—one of the most indispensable crops for us—will be forming large yellow and green heads to be chopped into salads, egg plant and zucchini casseroles, or sprinkled over boiled new potatoes.

How do I succeed at gardening and still travel extensively during the growing season? I am asked this question so frequently. First of all I know months in advance when I am leaving and for how long. I plant such vegetables as spinach and peas, like everyone else, as early as possible. I may even gamble on an early crop of green and wax beans. Usually we

have the peas, spinach, and asparagus in the freezer before we depart. My wife will have had plenty of rhubarb sauce also processed and frozen. I plan to have the carrots up high enough to thin out, and the beets and turnip advanced enough so that I can also thin them and freeze the tender greens to enjoy cooked in hot butter and seasoned with soy sauce during the long winter months. By late May we are enjoying fresh tossed salads from such early varieties of lettuce as Salad Bowl and Black Seeded Simpson, mustard greens, onion tops (first from the winter variety and then from my sets which I put out about the time I plant my spinach) and two varieties of radishes. Of course, there are always several kinds of herbs from our perennial herb garden to enhance the flavor of our salads. My transplants are healthy and growing well. Many vegetables that normally would be planted earlier, I plant as late as possible so that they do not mature while I am away.

I rototill and hoe religiously until it is almost time to leave, and then I mulch as much as possible with hay, old sawdust, leaves, and bark. If I can mulch just after a good rain, it really helps because the mulch will not only hold down the weeds but will prevent loss of moisture if there is a prolonged drought. It is a pleasure to return and find, for example, my squash, watermelons, muskmelons, and cucumbers almost totally free of weeds. I clean out all my poultry pens just before leaving and sprinkle manure around all the plants which require plenty of nitrogen. I do have someone check my potatoes and egg plant periodically for potato bugs, but I have never failed to have a good potato crop. Last summer my wife and I were away three weeks on a writing assignment. We returned to find everything in excellent order. My wife canned and froze so much that it seems as though we have enough to last several years.

Having written this in a previous year, Barnes and his wife Diana are planning a short trip to England this summer. But they will return to their garden at Brookfield Farm—"the only place that's really home."



Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

CHANGING PATTERNS

It's called the *cycle theory* or the *persistence theory*—the hypothesis regarding weather that says all weather patterns move in cycles and once a weather pattern is established the features of that weather pattern are slow to change.

The weather forecasts published in the Old Farmer's Almanac for the most part utilize the changing cycles of sunspot activity for the basis of their weather forecasts.

Droughts occur when a certain weather pattern persists for several years, causing a marked decrease in the amount of precipitation a region receives.

On a much larger scale, the ice ages are known to occur in cycles. In fact, meteorologists are now able to "predict" when the next one will occur.

This winter gave us a perfect example of the persistence or cycle theory of weather. The severe cold of mid-December to mid-January occurred as a huge high pressure system over the Rockies forced the cold air over the eastern United States instead of dispersing it evenly over the entire country. The longer the high anchored itself, the stronger the weather pattern became. In Colorado it became so warm that emergency measures had to be taken to prevent the trees from budding in January.

Since that huge high covered most of the Rockies and West Coast, storms attempting to come ashore over the Pacific Northwest were instead shunted north to make their eastward journey mostly across Canada instead of over the United States. And, being filled with warm, moist Pacific air, the storms that trekked over Canada brought their own air mass with them. Soon the air over Canada was above freezing and the East was spared from any more cold

waves for the rest of the winter.

Still the pattern of early winter persisted. The high over the Rockies maintained its grip for over a month. The pattern didn't abruptly change; it shifted gradually.

The next persisting weather pattern was more like a traditional winter pattern. From February 1st through the 12th the hills and lakes region received a storm every four days. A persisting pattern with a storm followed by a few days of clear weather followed by another storm is typically winterish. The storms needn't be important; they can be the nuisance variety—the rainy kind or the important kind that used to give us snow.

During the initial twelve days of February we had three major storms. The first developed over Oklahoma and moved west of Maine through the Great Lakes. Three-quarters of an inch of rain fell on the hills and lakes from the first storm.

The second was similar to the first as it, too, spawned over the mid-Mississippi Valley. But as this one moved toward the Great Lakes a secondary system developed over mid-Atlantic coast. The energy from the first storm was transferred to the second storm. Instead of being on the warm side of the original storm, we were on the cold side of the secondary. Six inches of snow fell. But that skimpy snowpack was not to last. On February 11th and 12th a strong storm swept west of the region. Heavy southerly winds transported warm, moist air over the area, and nearly an inch of rain was dumped by the low pressure system. Following that storm the ground was nearly bare except in the more mountainous areas.

In the wake of that low pressure system a strong high developed (as will usually happen following a

storm) over the South. When the pressure in a storm drops, a corresponding pressure increase must take place somewhere. This is a very complicated phenomenon, but when weathermen try to forecast a storm's intensification they look for this pattern of pressure differential they call "digging."

It was unusual for the high in the wake of the storm to develop over the South. Highs usually form over the North, over Canada where the air is heavy and dense. (Really, that's all a high is, a great mound of air.) Over the South the air is warmer, often more moist and unstable. That's where storms usually form.

On February 13th the massive high drifted off the coast. The pressure rose to record-breaking levels at many stations in the Northeast. In Boston a record high of 31.10 inches of mercury was recorded; in Portland it was 31.09 inches.

As the high drifted off the coast the winds shifted to the southwest. The winds around a high move in a clockwise direction, so if a high is to our south, we receive southwesterly winds. These winds are warm as they originate over the temperate Gulf and Texas area. Thus began the great February warm spell, another example of the persistence theory. The high moved off the coast and stopped dead in its tracks.

A broad flow of air was established over the eastern half of the nation, moving from the southwest to the northeast. The finest days of this extended warm spell were Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, February 16th, 17th, and 18th. Records for those days were set in Portland of 51, 58, and 60 degrees. That was Portland's fifth record high for the month of February. Concord, New Hampshire hit 63 on Wednesday. Caribou hit 52, its all-time record high for February. Here in Waterford we had 48, 54, and 58 degrees for the three days. The ice on Keoka Lake was unskateable by noon on Monday.

The persisting southwest flow of air became more moist each day so that by Friday occasional rain had developed over the region. Over the weekend continuing rains coupled with balmy temperatures broke up the ice on the bigger rivers across the area, creating major flood situations in Rumford and Bethel.

continued next page . . .

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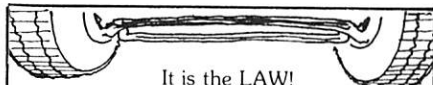
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After a brief respite on Monday, a storm riding that continuing southwest flow threatened the area on Tuesday the 24th. The main storm passed west of the area but a secondary formed along the Maryland coast to prolong the rain. As this storm became organized it pulled in a bit of cold air, changing the rain to snow by Wednesday.

The snow fluctuated back to rain as a shot of warm air was trapped in the system. But the storm did not move away because that same high pressure system, now over the Maritime Provinces of Canada, prevented the storm from continuing its normal progression northeastward. In order to continue moving, it had to slide under the high.

So the low pressure and the rain persisted through Thursday the 25th. In this situation weather forecasters cannot rely solely on their computers for guidance. The computers like to keep everything moving. So each day the computers had the storm moving away but in reality the storm just sat over the Atlantic. The computers do not figure in the persistence theory; they keep everything moving along at a regular, programmed pace.

By the first of March the high had moved away and weather systems seemed to be moving along regularly.

But we can see that weather does move in persistent cycles. The ice age, a drought, and a steady succession of storms are all persistent patterns. And a single storm that doesn't move is a pattern that will only change gradually—the longer a pattern hangs around, the longer it will continue to be around. That is the basis of the persistence theory.

In the summer the famous Bermuda High that anchors itself over the Atlantic and is responsible for our worst heat waves is a persistent pattern. The Blizzard of '69 occurred when a storm was blocked in its normal progression up the coast and hung around off Cape Cod for three days.

So if you're wishing for a change in a weather pattern remember that your wish probably won't be granted right away, but slowly and eventually things have to change.

Burns is a regular contributor, a weather observer for WCSH-TV, and a senior at Oxford Hills High School.



THE WINTER THAT WAS

Aye, the winter of '80-'81

Was the winter that it snowed bills,
And wicked temps of 40 below
Spread-eagled over the hills.

The cost of fuel and food was cruel
And many a man went broke.

The native wit wore thin a bit,
And few were inclined to joke.

The cats hid under the bed at night,
Reluctant to go outside,
And water pipes burst, and cars
wouldn't start,

And most of the batteries died.

The comb on the rooster was frostbit white
And the eggs split open a crack,
And the cream on the milk sittin' out on
the porch

Stuck up like a hat on a rack.

The power lines shrunk and some of them
snapped

And the ones that did fell down,
And out came the candles & kerosene lamps
In various parts of town.

You'd lie awake in your bed at night,
Rolled up in your warmest throw,
Listening hard to the wind and the lake
Hollering to and fro.

And the ice that moaned was
three feet thick

But the smelt men lingered back,
In no hurry to lower their lines
Except from a heated shack.

The kids, of course—as children will—
Ignored, as much as they could
The knife-sharp wind and the arctic chill
As long as the sleddin' was good.

And the smell of soup and browning bread
Hung like smoke in the air.

Nobody cared if they put on fat
For they craved the hearty fare.

On and on it went, day after day,
The weather closing us in—
Our raindrenched homes the last retreat
From a battle too cold to win.

But under the cover of ice and mud
And deaf to the wind's shrill screams
We knew the heart of Earth beat slow
And spring would be fillin' the streams,
And the bulbs and the roots were safe
asleep,

Kept warm by their summer dreams—
As

were
we.

*Pat White Gorrie
Otisfield*



Medicine For The Hills

by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

ALLEGORY Part II (continued from last month)

I would not have you believe that the friendship of Jean-Paul and Michel grew out of some mutual attraction of two perfect men. They were exceptional, that is true, but far from perfect. Both were terribly human, afflicted with those frailties and excesses with which we all must contend. For his part, Jean-Paul was overly critical, often melancholy, and a bit of a philanderer as well. When in his company on one of his dark days, one came away feeling responsible for his depression. On these days, one avoided Jean-Paul and the heavy air around him and simply waited for him to surface.

Michel, too, had his shortcomings. His temper was far too quick and excessively displayed, even for a Frenchman, and he had the patience of a wild boar. Exposed once to a salesman vending plastic wine glasses, Michel threw him bodily into the street and later settled out of court for 3,000 francs. Can you imagine the scenario held forth by these two friends when one of Jean-Paul's contentious sulks collided with Michel's pugnacity? This was hardly a dispassionate friendship!

Though each was sometimes difficult to endure, both shared three virtues which made their deep and abiding friendship inevitable. Their capacity for these virtues stood them apart, rendered them incomparable, led to their pre-eminent success, was the source of such happiness as they enjoyed, and the well-spring of their friendship. How ironic that neither they nor the villagers knew these virtues to be the cause of their good fortune! They, Michel and Jean-Paul, simply were this way and the villagers invariably called it luck, inheritance, subornation, or charm.

The virtues? Ah, yes, the virtues. Certainly we must examine them; that is essential to our story. But a

warning: viewing them in the abstract renders these virtues both trite and saintly. They are neither. Occasionally found in every corner of the world, they are noble and quite human traits. An intense caring for people, an uncompromising appreciation of quality, and an insatiable hunger for experience—these were the three. Their inter-related nature is obvious. Lust for experience provoked a searching for quality. Genuine love for people promoted a creation of quality. Experience fed the desire for quality and for sharing. And each virtue was self-nourishing. For who is ever unfulfilled for having loved someone? Who is not ennobled from honesty of purpose; who sated with one sunset, one rose?

There is with these virtues also the whole matter of intent. One gives out of benevolence and concern, or from a desire for recognition and secondary gain. One does the task well because of concern for quality or half-well for expediency's sake. One lives, or postpones experience for material wants, power, or social standing (and finds suddenly that life is over).

With Jean-Paul and Michel, their intent was simply to care for others, to pursue Quality, and to savor life's experiences. The result was success beyond imagination (but that was not the intent!). People travelled to Lembech principally to stay at Cheval Blanc and to dine at l'Ange. And they did so in great numbers. One booked weeks in advance for either privilege. The recognition was inevitable (but that was not their intent!) When a new bistro opened in Strassbourg, the owner motored to Lembech for advice from those two giants of hospitality. "No arrogance of any sort," admonished Jean-Paul. "Nothing of plastic," insisted Michel. And thus did the power come, too, but that was never their intent.

Neither man was concerned with the ephemeral: material acquisition, social standing, the appearance of the well-appointed; these did not matter to them. Life for them meant Matisse, Gide, Mont Blanc, Giacometti, Casals, Tuscany, Miro, fraises des bois. Their demeanor, the decor of their establishments, everything about them manifested these priorities.

When newlyweds arrived, with much hope and little money, Yvette would alert Jean-Paul, who himself would open the doors. As lost relatives they were greeted, shown to the best rooms, given champagne compliments of Yvette, croissants and cafe-au-lait compliments of the house, and then asked rather bashfully by Jean-Paul how they found everything. Is it any wonder that they returned, on anniversary, year after year?

The Monday night meetings of Jean-Paul and Michel nourished their virtue. They had only to drive for two hours east to dine at Baden-Baden to recall arrogance and resolve that it would never enter their own businesses. Jean-Paul felt that this was an essential event, to sensitize themselves to the potential crippling obsequiousness dwelling within everyone. Occasional journeys to Paris reminded them that there were better pates, other ways of doing things, excellence yet unknown to them.

As much as they were self-nourishing, supportive of the friendship, and adventuresome, these Monday meetings were also vitally educational and beneficial to those served by Jean-Paul and Michel, whose standards as a result remain high. They invested their best skills to produce the finest results possible, never with an eye to income or cheap sentiment. People entered l'Ange as guests, not as menial domestics. They left confident of having experienced the best possible that Michel and his staff could deliver.

One might observe that these virtues would better have been found in other men of Lembech; for example, Doctor Gerardin, ever intent on his bank book, or Monsigneur St. Pierre, too fond of wine and the widow Mme. Robillard. But, as they say in America, it is not

always in the deck of cards. Jean-Paul and Michel were innkeeper and restaurateur by family tradition. But they were as they were by some other authority.

(to be continued next month)



OLD APPLE TREES

Up in the hillside orchard
The trees are scraggly and few;
Barely enough for the winds
To quorum a voice through.

The moon when it is crescent
Hammocks within their boughs
Like a net that cradles dreams
Woven from golden vows.

When snow comes down in its quiet
Imponderables of white,
The trees maintain their silence
Livelong day and lonely night.

I see them huddled together
Sharing the evening star
With but fistfuls of rooted April
To hold them where they are.

*Loton Rogers Pitts
Naples*

THE MAINE EVENT

BY BRITT WOLFE



Can You Place It?



No one has yet identified last month's **Can You Place It?** The mystery postcard of a baseball diamond and eleven young men was marked "Radcliffe's of Norway. Premier Semi-Professional Ball Team of Maine. 1909." If there is anyone among our readers who remembers semi-pro baseball in the past, please write and tell us about it.

BitterSweet always welcomes pictures to use as **Can You Place It?** We will return them if you send a self-addressed stamped envelope or if you plan to pick them up at our office. Our mailing address is Post Office Box 6, Norway, Maine 04268.

Julie Jewett of East Baldwin wrote too late for last month's issue to identify the Jan./Feb. picture as the Grange Hall in West Baldwin—photo courtesy of Jack Barnes.


with a fork mash and mix them in the bowl along with the Worcestershire, olive oil, salt, and dry mustard.

Next, tear the Romaine, which has been washed and dried, into the bowl in bite-size pieces. Toss lightly. Squeeze in the juice from the lemon halves, break in the coddled egg, add the desired amount of croutons (not highly flavored), sprinkle with the parmesan, and toss again. Transfer to individual salad bowls and grind some fresh pepper lightly on each. With some planning ahead, this can all be done at the table with as little or as much flair as you're up for. Just a word about the egg. First of all, it's not necessary to coddle; it may be used raw, but one way or another an egg must be used or you're just kidding yourself that it's a Caesar Salad you're making. Secondly, coddling an egg is done—as the name implies—gently. Put enough water in a saucepan to cover an egg and bring it to a boil. While the water is heating, place the egg in warm water. With a spoon, gently place the warm egg in the boiling water and remove from heat. Let it stand for 30 seconds and then stop the cooking process by

plunging it immediately into cold water. Refrigerate 'til needed. Coddling will not only cook the egg but make it more appetizing as the white is slightly congealed.

So, on a day after you've visited Model Market and have your anchovies and some real French bread in the house, I'd suggest you start a relaxing evening by coddling and refrigerating an egg. Then mix up a soufflé. In the 50 or so minutes while it is rising to the occasion, measure out the ingredients for your salad. About ten minutes before the soufflé is due to arrive, make your salad at the table with just enough flair to prevent getting egg on your face. It's a great way to have people all seated so you can prove that the soufflé was high and golden—even if for just a moment.

In addition to everything else Model Market has a superb selection of domestic and imported wines. But since neither salad nor egg do many wines much justice, they'll have to wait until next month.

Leon O'clast 

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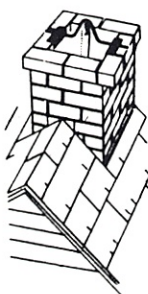


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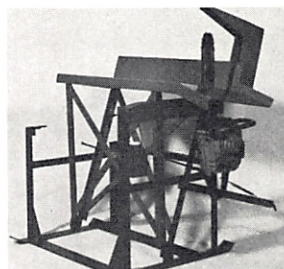


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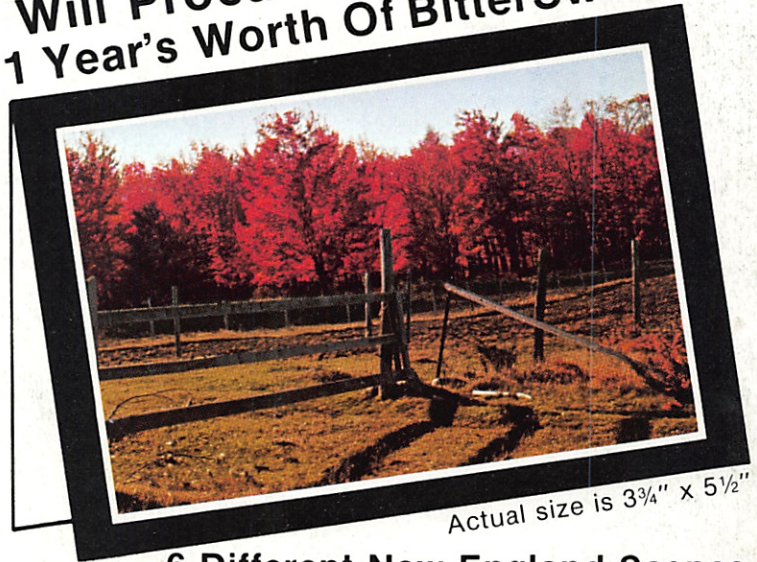
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